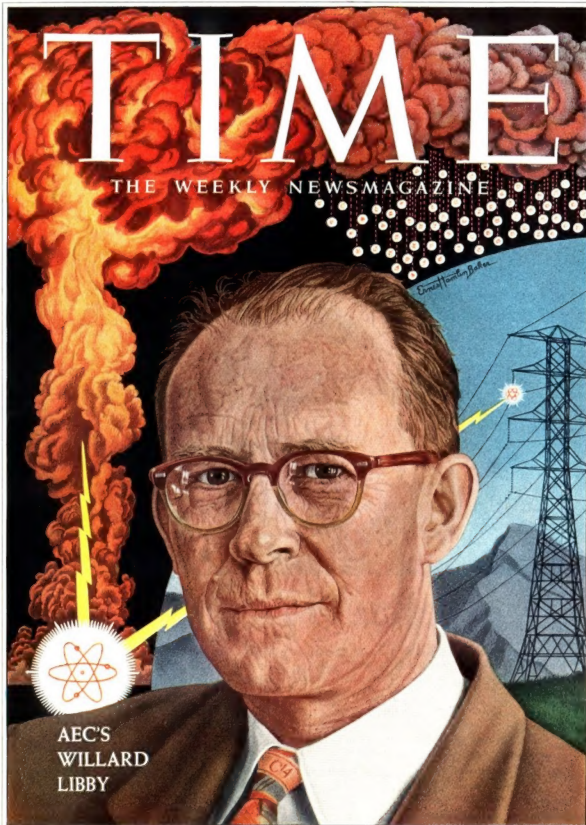


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VOL. LXVI NO.

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LETTERS

At the Summit

Sir:

TIME's July 25 story on Premier Bulganin was most entertaining reading. "A splendidly caparisoned beefeater," "a Soviet Schweppesman, peddling bottled charm" was top-class light reading. . . . One impression I got . . . there seem to be human beings . . . in Russia at the moment . . .

F. M. SLATTERY

Asdee, County Kerry, Ireland

Sir:

With regard to the statement that Khrushchev "seems not to have suffered for making a drunken spectacle of himself in Belgrade," . . . The choice of Mr. Khrushchev as an "ambassador of good will" is downright Machiavellian on the part of the Politburo. Mr. K., in his cups or otherwise, talks and sounds remarkably like a human being. He invites everybody home with him; he cavorts like a Legionnaire at a department convention (but never really forgets the business at hand); he lowers his voice discreetly when he fears his remark may be a little off-color for the ladies present. For the first time in memory, the Politburo has presented a living, breathing character to our gaze and, from what has so far been revealed to us, one could lose him any day anywhere between the Atlantic and Pacific at a businessman's luncheon, a political rally or a baseball game . . . The best way to disarm an American is to make him laugh . . .

N. C. GUERRA

San Antonio

Sir:

Time . . . pictures all the Soviet leaders as "stone-faced," angry and cruel . . . I think the expression on Bulganin's face, as drawn by Boris Chaliapin, is not fair! Bulganin looks to me like a most lovable, goodhearted . . . grandfather.

AVIK GILBOA

Los Angeles

Amid the Alien Corn

Sir:

I do hope someone tells the visiting Soviet farm delegates about the agricultural subsidies here. It would be just too much to send them away thinking that all this came from untrammeled, unsubsidized free enterprise. Besides, the rest of us ought to get some credit for helping to buy all that beautiful machinery.

JACK LAWRENCE

South Bend, Ind.

The American Desert

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent July 25 spread of pictures and story on the Pacific Southwest . . . Never was a truer word written than your assertion that "water has always been the limiting factor to the desert's growth." . . . When federal western reclamation was authorized in 1902, some critics labeled it unnecessary, impractical and visionary . . . I heard the same cries of "visionary" and "impractical" when I was on the . . . survey party which fixed the location of Hoover Dam in 1929. The growth and prosperity of the Imperial, Yuma and Coachella Valleys and metropolitan southern California would not have been possible without this dam . . . Now history is repeating itself . . .

W. A. DEXHEIMER

Commissioner

Bureau of Reclamation
U.S. Dept. of the Interior
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

My native state of Arizona is very colorfully portrayed, both in picture and in word, in your well-done story of this fast-growing area . . . Once thought of as useful perhaps only for scenery, this area now has an additional value in that our American industry can move to the wide open spaces where there is excellent climate and room for proper planning . . .

BARRY GOLDWATER

United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Your article was good, but why do you suggest that all of the people moved out there to escape the smog and traffic here in Los Angeles? You know darn well that New York City has as much smoke and traffic as we do. And when you wrote of the desert, why didn't you tell about the sand storms and the wind that blows and blows each night, and that terrible heat—like a blowtorch, huh?

RUSSELL MAHAFFEY

Los Angeles

SIR:

THE U.S. CENSUS BUREAU RECENTLY PREDICTED A 500,000 POPULATION INCREASE IN ARIZONA BY 1965. THE BUREAU DID NOT ANTICIPATE YOUR VERY FINE ARTICLE AND IT WOULD DO TO THEIR CALCULATIONS . . .

STANLEY WOMER

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Sir:

. . . I am sure that every Arizonan will be grateful to you . . . Your commentary on the balance that Arizona is attempting to achieve between industry and other phases of our economy is most interesting.

JOHN J. RHODES

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Shrimp à la Mode

Sir:

About *The American Shrimp Girl* [TIME, July 25]: I should like to suggest to Painter Philip Evergood that he concentrate on painting sea gulls, shrimp and fish and that he leave the painting of typical American



Baltham Archive
HOGARTH'S "SHRIMP GIRL"

girls to artists more capable than he. For TIME to mention his kindergarten canvas in the same breath as Hogarth's masterpiece [see cut] is nothing short of sacrilegious. Before Evergood can be a good painter, he will have to learn the meaning of humility.

ONEIL J. RICHARD

Ruston, La.

The Bear & the Goat

Sir:

Your July 18 article on Afghanistan was a welcome break in the journalistic boycott of this very interesting and important country . . .

ARNOLD FLETCHER

Los Angeles

Sir:

Most people know very little about this very strategic country . . . It is most important that it shouldn't be lost to the "terrible bear."

R. R. STORER

Covington, Ky.

Sir:

Thank you for giving my country, Afghanistan, some of your space. I laughed with a noise like a church bell when I read that you called it "The Poor Goat" and Asia's "tor-toise shell" . . . I keep the article in an envelope in my desk, and I will show it to people who say: "Afghanistan? Where is that?" . . .

IBEN KASHAR

New York City

Phantom Stands

Sir:

Neither Don Newcombe nor anyone else ever hit a home run into the right-field

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brown walnut calf blucher; stitched tip; in tan, S-1595



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stands at Ebbets Field [TIME, July 25]. Why? 'Dere ain't no grandstand in right field.

JOHN J. FOSTER

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir:

... Your sports editor should be punished by writing "Bedford Avenue Special" a hundred times and then by banishment to the farthest seat in the Polo Grounds...

(M/SGT.) KENNETH J. CHASTEEN
U.S. Army

Paris

¶ TIME's Sports Editor has been sentenced to call Coogan's Bluff.—Ed.

New Air Academy

Sir:

It is indeed a sad commentary on the future of federal buildings if their design is to be dictated by the Washington lobbies of building-materials trades. Imagine the final structure—a composite of Indiana limestone, California redwood, Vermont marble, Montana copper, Oregon Douglas fir and Rhode Island brick. Add one flight of New Hampshire granite steps so that the whole may be recognized as "monumental."

ELIZABETH C. WHITMAN
Honolulu, T.H.

Sir:

... The Air Force's idea to use un-American steel and un-Christian glass in their new academy, instead of Greek pillars cut from Indiana limestone, certainly shows poor taste. Their use of electricity instead of oil lamps and their failure to put Gothic windows in their jet bombers are equally deplorable.

HANS KLEEFELD

Toronto

A Slight Case of Virginity

Sir:

Thanks for your July 25 fragment on the Virgin Islands problem... The first governor, Paul M. Pearson, given the right support, would have made the best governor the islands ever had. He was followed by governors of lesser stature, a motley procession of uplifters, do-gooders, pseudo socialists, New Dealers and Fair Dealers...

WILBUR D. ROBBINS

Charlotte Amalie, V.I.

Pascal's Will

Sir:

In your July 18 issue there was an item concerning the estate of Gabriel Pascal. My firm represents Eugenio Lehel, brother of Gabriel Pascal, in the probate proceeding. You stated that the New York Court of Appeals held that the will "was valid" and "ruled out contesting claims of Pascal's brother and second wife"... The Court of Appeals ruled only that the widow and brother of Gabriel Pascal who were contesting the probate of the will were not entitled to have the will thrown out without a trial. No decision has been made as to whether the will is to be probated or not... that depends upon the decision after trial.

LIONEL S. POPKIN

New York City

Off-Day for Venus

Sir:

It was unjust, unfair and unkind of you to print that unbecoming photograph of Miss Garbo in your July 25 issue. Even Venus had her off-days...

ROSE T. GOGGIN

Milwaukee

TIME, AUGUST 15, 1935

TIME

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

*Roy Campanella, whose impish,
pudgy pan grins at you from the
cover of a current magazine not-
ed for its jinxing powers, today
hammered the hex into the left-
field bleachers with two down
and two on in the ninth to give
the Brooks an 11-10 tinger . . .*

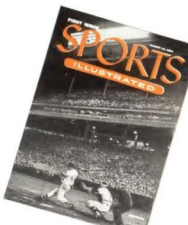
THUS New York *Daily News* Sports-
writer Dick Young last week
reported the victory over Milwaukee
that moved the Brooklyn Dodgers 15½
games out in front in the National
League race. Actually, the myth of the
TIME sports-cover jinx has never been
more than just a myth since it first
started back in the '30s. As happens to
everybody, TIME sports-cover subjects
sometimes had tough breaks. In most
cases, they went right on setting new
records and winning new honors.
Among them: baseball's Joe DiMaggio,
Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle, golf's
Ben Hogan, Decathlon Champion Bob
Mathias. But never has the myth been
so effectively—and quickly—exploded as
by Campy's game-winning homer.

AS TIME's sports jinx myth was dy-
ing, TIME's youngest sister publica-
tion, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, reached its
lively first birthday. In its anniversary
issue this week, SI assays the gold in
what it calls the new golden age of
sports, and reports on some of its own
accomplishments. SI has made some
notable contributions to sports cover-
age in its first year: a wide use of color
photography; detailed *Previews* of
major events; the new *Conversation*
Piece, a revealing report on sports
greats in their own words, e.g., Pitcher
Preacher Roe's admission that he threw
illegal spit balls.

SI's regular staff of editors also
rounded up a roster of expert contribu-
tors, ranging from Herbert Warren

Wind in golf and Davis Cup Captain
William F. Talbert in tennis to such
talented amateurs as Nobelman Wil-
liam Faulkner. The Faulkner story of
the Kentucky Derby so impressed
Bing Crosby that The Groaner read it
in three installments on his radio show.

Other SI stories made their impact,
too. At a party meeting, President Ike
Eisenhower recalled the SI story about
the atheist who didn't care who won
the Notre Dame-S.M.U. game, and the
Rev. Norman Vincent Peale began one



of his Sunday sermons: "There is a
new magazine, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*,
that has in this week's issue a story
on the use of prayer . . ."

Says SI Publisher Harry Phillips:
"A new magazine is like a new ac-
quaintance; both take more than a bit
of knowing. I think we made a good
first impression, and now that people
know us better, we are making real
friends (more than 600,000 subscrib-
ers). Only last week a group of profes-
sionals in publishing, whose opinion I
value, told me: 'You have a hit on
your hands.'"

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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the independent, self-reliant breed that left the Old World seeking freedom and found it in the Appalachians. From this pioneer stock descended great figures in America's history — Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone, John Calhoun and Andy Jackson, Sam Houston and Abe Lincoln.

Other mountains may provide greater peaks . . . but none has supplied greater men.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS



THE FREED FLYERS*
Reminders of the things that had not changed.

Panasia—Sunny Pan

THE NATION

Eleven Come Home

The eleven, wearing tieless cotton shirts, T shirts and odd trousers that had the shapeless look of Red China tailoring, stood bunched without regard to rank at the barbed-wire barrier. Some carried pasteboard Red Cross cartons; some had a few extra odds and ends of clothing tied into bundles. All seemed tense and expectant as the Hong Kong police superintendent called out their names: "Colonel Arnold . . . Major Baumer . . . Captain Vaadi . . ."

Responding one by one, the eleven flyers formally crossed the barrier out of Red China and were greeted by a trim-looking U.S. air attaché, "in the name of the U.S. Government, the American people and the U.S. Air Force." "Lieut. Colonel John Knox Arnold, 41, leader of the eleven flyers, stuck out his hand and smiled: "We're sure glad to see you." While the attaché shook hands with him, Colonel Arnold looked back at the jagged mountains of China, then turned away with finality: "Well," he said, "I

don't want to look any more." Thus did Red China last week release the eleven U.S. flyers they had imprisoned for 2½ years in direct contravention of the terms of the Korean armistice.

"A Long Way to Go." After Cokes and U.S. cigarettes at the customs house, the eleven were driven to the Hong Kong Jockey Club, where they shaved, sang in their showers and rested joyously on real beds ("You mean you don't have boards under them?").

"I want to talk and talk and talk," said Colonel Arnold happily to U.S. officials, doctors and reporters. Captain Elmer Llewellyn of Missoula, Mont. had himself a time drinking beer from a glass

* In Hong Kong last week. Standing: Lieut. Colonel John K. Arnold, Silver Spring, Md.; Airman Steve Kiba, Akron, Ohio; Lieut. John W. Buck, Armathwaite, Tenn.; Airman John W. Thompson III, Orange, Va.; Lieut. Wallace Brown, Banks, Ala.; Captain Eugene J. Vaadi, Clayton, N.Y.; Major William Baumer, Lewisburg, Pa.; Captain Elmer Llewellyn, Missoula, Mont. Kneeling: Sergeant Howard Brown, St. Paul, Minn.; Airman Daniel C. Schmidt, Portland, Ore.; Airman Harry M. Benjamin, Worthington, Minn.

in one hand, milk from a glass in the other. Major William Baumer of Lewisburg, Pa., on crutches and with injured hands, told how he had spent months of solitary confinement conceiving and memorizing poems, learning the principles of musical composition. Just before lunch, Colonel Arnold said he had composed a lesser bit of doggerel on the way down from Peking, and to the tune of *Tipperary*, the flyers sang it:

It's a long way to Usashima
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Usashima
To the sweetest land I know.*

Then came the shouted chorus: "To hell with People's China!"

Payday. High spot of the first day of freedom was lunch, the first meal. The Jockey Club served sizzling steaks with eggs on top. Sergeant Howard Brown of St. Paul, Minn. said grace, and the U.S.A.F. paymaster was on hand to give each man his share of \$70,000 in back pay, \$150 each in greenbacks and the

* A form of G.I. slang for the U.S.

rest in checks, "every cent the U.S. owes you up to date before yesterday." Afterward, it was time for the flyers to start telling their story.

"We were on a leaflet mission against six targets in Korea [on Jan. 12, 1953] . . ." Colonel Arnold began by way of denying Red China's charge that the U.S. flyers were spies. "We were picked up by lights over the third target . . . We were attacked and hit by two MIGs shortly after . . . and we knew we had to abandon the aircraft. When we were first captured, we were treated in accordance with the Geneva Convention covering prisoners of war. Not until Jan. 16 did they come out with that crappy story of our being down in China illegally." Colonel Arnold and his men were taken into Red China. Not until "20 minutes past 3 o'clock on the tenth of October 1954"—21 months after their capture—were they formally charged with espionage. Did the Peking government deserve any credit for releasing them? Replied Colonel Arnold: "Not a goddam bit."

"I Got It in the Face." Flying on to Tachikawa Air Base in Japan, the eleven flyers prepared to tell the rest of their story. Colonel Arnold seemed no longer forceful, no longer jubilant; his mouth worked and often no speech emerged. "I was subjected to types of persuasion that civilized people don't believe in . . . They wanted any information I might have. I have to tell you—I'm not proud of it, but I have to tell you—they got what I had."

An Air Force major quietly interceded, told Colonel Arnold that he need not answer any more questions. But Colonel Arnold, sobbing, continued: he had been moved from one underground cell to another, always in irons; he was interrogated "and no matter what answer I gave, I got it in the face. One time the guards took the lid off the pail in my cell, dipped

sticks and beat me with them. They took smaller sticks and used them as whips. They had a one-piece gadget that fits around the wrist. When the cuffs are closed, they cut off the circulation. I had them on several times—once for 96 hours. During interrogations the soldiers would walk behind me and milk my fingers like a cow. It was very painful.

"Then sometimes they would bind my feet tight as if I had a sprained ankle and make me stand that way for days. One time I stood six days—30 hours of it with bandages on—and at the end of it, all I remember was that I was just screaming. I had periods of complete irrationality. I would go completely out of my head." Fitfully and still sobbing, the colonel concluded: "I had to leave a lot out . . . There are some things you don't want to talk about."

"Clap for That Man." Next, Major Baumer took up the story. The Chinese Communists, he said, put him into solitary confinement for 14 months in an 8-by-5-ft. cell; then they decided to take away his crutches, leaving him to crawl through the long months as he could. "Sometimes they were ranting and raving," the major said. "They would even take away my reading material—their own political propaganda . . ." Colonel Arnold interrupted to comment about Major Baumer: "You ought to clap for that man." Colonel Arnold pointed out that the Communist confinements and torturings went on "right down to the 31st of July."

While their sickening story was clattering into the chancelleries and capitals of the world, warning that the nature of Chinese Communism had not changed, the eleven put the cold war behind them and happily headed for home. "We figured out a long time before we got here," said Colonel Arnold. "that we hadn't been forgotten . . ." That was correct.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Open Season

Touring through the Soviet Union last week were twelve visiting farmers and agricultural experts from the U.S., chaperoned by a posse of Soviet "agricultural activists." The Americans were mightily impressed, to hear Moscow radio tell it, "by the comprehensive mechanization of hay mowing." But the travelers' problem turned around the consumption of food, not its production. Bitterly, the farmers protested that they were having to spend so much time downing eats that they couldn't get to see Soviet agriculture. "I brought two suits of underwear with me," snorted one of the farmers, "but only one stomach."

Every day, starting soon after 3 p.m., the Russians served lunch—a meal that often lasted long into the night. Sample menu:

Hors d'Oeuvres: caviar, ham, roast beef, salted salmon, carp, sheep cheese, salami, potato salad, stuffed eggs, and fresh tomatoes with chopped green onion tops.

Soup: borsch.

Entrées: chicken, rump steaks or fried shashlik.

Desserts: Ukrainian cherry dumplings, ice cream, sugar buns, apricots, oranges, raspberries and apples.

Throughout the meals, collective farm-girls plied the farmers with vodka, Georgian champagne and sweet wine, Moldavian muscatel, Ukrainian riesling, Armenian cognac and beer. "During the meal at least a dozen toasts are drunk to world peace, Soviet-American friendship, the exchange of ideas, and to women of both countries," reported New York Times Correspondent Welles Hangen. "Thereafter it is open season for anyone to propose a toast to almost anything except war, Fascism and mass destruction." But as for Soviet agriculture, one member of the



U.S. FARMERS INSPECTING SOVIET TRACTOR PLANT

After carp, salami, rump steak, cherry dumplings, Moldavian muscatel and toasts to the women of both countries.

Sovfoto

U.S. delegation remarked: "In general it seems to me that the living standard of American farmers is higher than that of Russian peasants."

The twelve-man touring delegation of Russian farmers (TIME, Aug. 11, led by Acting Agriculture Minister Vladimir Matskevich, reached the farmlands of Wyoming, Nebraska, South Dakota and Texas last week. Their repeated verdict on U.S. marvels: "It is interesting, but we have something like it in Russia," Matskevich neatly demonstrated, however, that he could gather in a few U.S. idioms. "They ought to sell this air by the pound in New York," he remarked brightly to the farmers of Nebraska. And in Texas he added: "Texans don't brag nearly as much as they could."

The Russians, in all cases, were fed normally by their American hosts (sample noontime meals: fried chicken, corn, apple pie). After a dinner of charcoal-broiled hamburger in Wyoming, Peter Babimindra said with feeling: "This, gentlemen, is the life!"



IKE & OHIO REPUBLICANS®
Hepplewhite is not Ouija.

Lanning & Pines

THE PRESIDENCY

To Be or Not

Dwight D. Eisenhower was at a pinnacle of his popularity. A Gallup poll, the first to be taken since the Geneva Conference at the Summit, showed that nearly eight out of ten Americans—more than ever before—approved of the way the President was doing his job. The news brought joy to Republican hearts and an inevitable renewal of the big question: Will Ike run again in 1956? The rumors, speculations, and informed guesses buzzed through sweltering Washington last week. In the midst of them, Ike was uncomfortably enigmatic—a role he thoroughly dislikes. The truth was that the President did not know the answer himself.

One morning a delegation of twelve top Republicans from Ohio came to call at the White House. As is usual these days, they came bearing a resolution praising the President's leadership and urging him to run again. Ike thanked the Ohioans and then showed them some of his treasures, e.g., a Hepplewhite table he had used as SHAEF (gift of an anonymous admirer). Later he let them in on some musings about his future.

No one, he said, could foresee what the situation would be a year hence. If a person were so clairvoyant, he might be able to give the answer right now. Of course, he had been a member nearly all his life of an organization in which the word duty was extremely important.

Before any of his guests could wink a confident eye, Ike expressed some doubts that lay heavy on his mind. He is a man, the President said, who likes to see younger men brought to the forefront and given an opportunity in the top jobs, so that their vitality and ideas can be employed in solving the nation's problems. Then there was another consideration. No President in history, Ike

said, had reached his 70th birthday in the White House. The presidency was a grueling job, he said; it worked a certain physical erosion on a man.⁹ Ike's remarks left the Ohioans completely bewildered. "He's got to run," said Senator George Bender. "I have faith in God and Dwight Eisenhower." Blurred a reporter: "In that order?" Replied Bender: "Yes."

At his press conference next day, President Eisenhower gave the reporters another inkling of his problem. "What I intended to imply [to the Ohioans]," he said, "[is] that if I now were such an infallible prophet that I could understand all about the world situation, the domestic situation and my own situation, including the way I felt, and possibly with the health and everything else, as of that moment, then there would be no great excuse for deferring the decision. I have not that gift of prophecy."

Last week the President also:

❑ Praised the record of the Democratic 84th Congress in the field of foreign affairs ("I for one am deeply grateful"), but sharply criticized its score on domestic legislation. Ike reread his list of "must"

9 Andrew Jackson turned 70 just twelve days after he left the White House. James Buchanan was 51 days short of his 70th birthday when his term expired. If Ike serves a full second term, he will hold the record for presidential longevity: 70 years and 98 days. The eldest President, William Henry Harrison, died of pneumonia at 68, one month after his inauguration. In a study of presidential life spans, Statistician Louis Dublin discovered that Presidents inaugurated before 1850 outlived their life expectancy by 2.9 years. Those inaugurated between 1850 and 1900 failed to reach their expectation of life by 2.9 years, on the average. In the hectic 20th century, the shortfall between the actual death of the Presidents and their life expectancy has averaged eight years. (The outstanding exception, Herbert Hoover, celebrates his 81st birthday this week.) Says Dublin: "There is no conclusive evidence that the increasing burden of office is taking a greater toll from our Chief Executives."

ills, which he had first read to the reporters last June (TIME, July 11). Of the 13 items on the list, he said, Congress had enacted only four. "and some of those, in my opinion, with provisions that were not wise." Of the remaining nine, he said, four unpassed bills were "absolutely vital": school construction, the health bill, the highway program and the water-resources bill. He planned, said Ike, to push these measures very emphatically as soon as Congress reconvenes.

❑ Administered the oath of office to Harold E. Stassen as United States Deputy Representative on the United Nations Disarmament Commission. It was Stassen's fourth oath-taking since the Eisenhower Administration took office (Mutual Security Administrator, F.O.A. Administrator, Special Assistant to the President for disarmament). "It seems I am always swearing you in," commented the President after the ceremony. "Do we ever swear in anybody else?"

❑ Went off to his Gettysburg farm for a five-day stay and a heavy load of work: 309 unsigned bills, left by the departing Congress. Next week he will fly to his annual vacation in Denver.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Back to Business

Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott insisted two weeks ago that he had "no more idea than a jackrabbit" of resigning, despite the disclosures about his part-time business activities (TIME, Aug. 1 et seq.). After President Eisenhower read the 471-page Senate subcommittee hearings on Talbott, the Secretary resigned and the President promptly accepted his

9 From left: Representative Frances Bolton, Ohio State G.O.P. Chairman Ray C. Bliss, the President, State Vice Chairman Florence Morris, Representative William E. Minshall, Senator George Bender, Representative Clarence Brown,

resignation, saying that it was the "right" thing to do.

"I am clear in my mind and conscience," Talbott insisted, "that my actions have been within the bounds of ethics." He still saw nothing wrong in writing letters on official stationery to solicit business for his partner, Paul Mulligan, an efficiency expert. Talbott, who cleared some \$65,000 a year from Mulligan & Co. while in office, planned to get right back to work. Said he: "I'm going back to business and make myself a little dough."

CITIES

The Man in Huckster House

In Houston there glitters a man named Roy Mark Hofheinz, a striking figure in lapelless saffron silk suits and jackets bedecked with crests and insignia. His shirts are handmade, and his cameo cuff links

and boomingest city in Texas. At 19, son of a laundry-truck driver, he passed the Texas bar exam; at 22, he was elected to the state legislature. As county judge in Houston at 24, he presided over four courts and five administrative boards. Eight years later he quit politics, proclaiming that he would make a million dollars before he was 40 and then come back—all of which he did. He made his million in real estate and radio, was elected mayor of Houston in the fall of 1952.

In city hall, Mayor Hofheinz put through street-building and public-works programs, overhauled the city's purchasing department so thoroughly that he saved the taxpayers \$360,000 a year. But none of this impressed the eight city councilmen, who did not like the mayor's free-wheeling ways or his tendency to talk down to them about their jobs. The councilmen soon began to call their mayor a

down the power of the mayor. Then the Houston Post uncovered a set of unsavory graft and kickback scandals, e.g., the "disappearance" of at least 60 city-owned houses from the city property list, and the councilmen thought they had the mayor on ice. Last month, although no one could connect the mayor to the scandals, the councilmen took the long step of voting a six count indictment—which they called an impeachment—of Mayor Hofheinz's general conduct in office; then they took the longer step of appointing a temporary mayor of their own. But Roy Hofheinz declined to resign; the councilmen, he said, were like "inmates of a penitentiary attempting to oust the warden."

The civic war raged on, and it was Roy Hofheinz who soon began to win the battles. His lawyers cited an old city ordinance to prove that councilmen had no right to exercise such administrative functions as appointing new mayors—and the court upheld Roy Hofheinz. He challenged the councilmen, in effect, to call new mayoralty and council elections, confident that his supporters in the politically disciplined labor unions would bring him a solid new mandate. For all their public insistence that they would fight lurid Roy Hofheinz to the end, the councilmen were clearly beginning to weaken. Contemplating the cocksure mayor from Huckster House, one of the councilmen concluded: "I think the time has come to make a plea for peace."

HEROES

Chopper Pilot

At Fort Lewis, Wash. last week, Marine Captain James V. Wilkins recalled an experience he had had in Korea. "On July 3, 1951," he said, "I was flying a Corsair with my squadron along the east coast of Korea, 15 miles inland and about 20 miles south of Wonsan. We ran into heavy ground fire from a road reconnaissance outfit; my plane was hit and began smoking heavily. I bailed out at 800 feet and landed on the inland side of a small bowl east of the main supply route. The North Koreans were lined up on the road, firing away. A half-hour later—it was late afternoon now—a solid overcast blew in from the ocean and completely covered the mountains. The minute that happened, I took and went up the mountain."

"There He Goes." Meanwhile, intelligence of Captain Wilkins' plight flashed back to naval headquarters at Wonsan Harbor, and Navy Lieut. (j.g.) John Kelvin Koelsch, a 27-year-old helicopter pilot from Hudson, N.Y., volunteered to try a rescue. It was the sort of mission Koelsch liked: he had voluntarily passed up rotation home after a long tour of combat duty because he felt that his rescue work was urgently needed. In the gathering dusk Lieut. Koelsch and his crewman, Aviation Machinist's Mate George M. Neal, took off, without fighter escort, to look for Wilkins.

"A little while later I heard a putt-putting," Wilkins continued, "and I realized it was a chopper. So I scrambled



HOUSTON'S MAYOR HOFHEINZ
Home with a million, gaudily glittering.

are as big as half dollars; he weekends in a shore showplace called "Huckster House," in which he has installed, for the edification of his guests, a room fitted out like a jail cell. It is sometimes a bit difficult, even for Houston (pop. 714,000), to face the fact that Roy Hofheinz is its mayor.

Last week, amid a characteristic clang of court rulings and choicely phrased insults, Houston was trying to make up its mind whether Roy Hofheinz should continue as mayor. Against him was ranged the city council, eight men dead set on kicking him out for "misconduct, inability and willful neglect of performance of the duties of mayor." Roy Hofheinz was truculent and ready for the fight: "As long as you're dealing with men of good purpose you can compromise," he bellowed to the citizens about their city councilmen, "but with cattle like these you can't."

"Cookie-Jar Boys." Roy Hofheinz, 43, is not cattle, but a bull. He made his noisy way apace with Houston, the biggest

liar and "a drunken sailor on a spending spree." Mayor Hofheinz replied that he could run city hall much more efficiently without the city council, and he accused the councilmen of trying to line their pockets with city funds, dubbing them "cookie-jar boys."

Such was the state of the civic war in Houston that one of the councilmen recently challenged Mayor Hofheinz to a public fist fight at the City Coliseum, with proceeds from the sale of tickets to go to the Houston city treasury. This was a show, however, that Roy Hofheinz preferred to duck.

Disappearing Houses. At issue was control of Houston's \$70 million-a-year expenditures and the 6,000-man city payroll. Early this year Hofheinz brought on the showdown when he tried to bull through a 20% increase in property taxes which the councilmen had opposed. The councilmen retaliated by proposing 18 amendments to the city charter, designed to cut

back down the mountain to my parachute. I got down into the bowl just as the chopper was finishing its first search of the area, flying at about 50 feet. He was way out near the main road, and I figured, there he goes, because the ground fire was thicker than the overcast." A burst of ground fire rocked the helicopter, but Lieut. Koelsch managed to keep it under control. "I figured he would surely back out," said Wilkins. "Then, by the Lord, he made another turn back into the valley a second time. It was the greatest display of guts I've ever seen."

On his second pass Koelsch spotted Wilkins. "He dropped the sling and I got into it. The North Koreans had every damn gun they had firing. Frankly, it was so bad I would rather have taken my chances at staying on the ground. . . . When Wilkins was dangling about three feet off the ground, another blast of Communist fire struck the hovering whirlybird and it crashed to the ground. "The chopper's door opened, and I saw Jack Koelsch and George Neal hanging upside down in their belts. 'Are you O.K.?' I yelled at them. 'Never mind that,' Jack answered. 'Are you O.K.?'"

Wilkins was burned on the legs and his left knee was twisted, but he managed to wriggle free of the wreckage. The three men headed for the mountain.

"**Won't You Come In?**" After three days a Korean reconnaissance patrol came up the mountain, looking for the three. "We decided we'd better get the hell out of there on foot," Wilkins continued. "We got to the coast in seven days, moving mostly at night. We hadn't had anything to eat in nine days, and damned little to drink." At dusk they sneaked into an abandoned bombed-out house near a fishing village. "Jack took the watch, and Neal and I sacked out. We were there about three hours, and I was half-dozing, when suddenly I heard Jack say in a perfectly



MERCHANT MARINE'S LANDY (HANDS AT SIDES) & CLASSMATES
"I chose him," said his mother.

normal voice: 'How do you do. Won't you come in?'"

Their callers were Communist soldiers, who promptly sprayed the house with machine-gun fire. The three Americans decided to surrender. "They tied us up and marched us through town, with all the civilians shouting threats and throwing things at us, to a headquarters. During all this time, Jack was constantly pointing out my burns to the Koreans and insisting that I needed hospitalization. I had maggots in my legs, and they looked pretty bad. So finally they gave me two guards and moved me out. I never saw Jack again."

Both Captain Wilkins and Machinist's Mate Neal survived their ordeal as captives and were repatriated. But three months after Wilkins last saw the man who saved him, Jack Koelsch died of malnutrition and dysentery in a Korean P. W. camp. His valor was not forgotten. Last week, in a ceremony at the Pentagon, he was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, the first helicopter pilot in history to win his country's highest decoration.

ARMED FORCES

The Reactionary

Last week nearly 200 young men in crisp white uniforms stood on the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy grounds at Kings Point, L.I., raised their right hands and fervently swore their allegiance to the U.S. and its Navy. In the ranks was handsome, 21-year-old Eugene Landy—and he kept his hands stiff at his sides. When the graduation exercises ended, the other men exploded with joy, flinging their caps high into the air with a great cheer. Eugene Landy looked at them sadly, his own cap clamped tightly under his arm, then walked away.

In his four years at the Academy,

Landy stood No. 2 in his class, earned letters in football and tennis, and was captain of the debating team. He won a medal in naval architecture, received a \$50 prize awarded by the Daughters of the American Revolution for being the best student in naval science. His graduation should have been triumphant. But last week came a blow. The Navy Department advised the Academy that it would not give Eugene Landy the ensign's reserve commission that usually goes with an Academy degree.

The Navy did not give Landy an official reason for the refusal, but it was obvious enough: Landy was suspected of being a security risk because he had associated with a former Communist. The person: his mother, to whom, said a Navy official darkly, Landy had been "extremely close."

Questioned only a few days before his graduation, Landy had concealed nothing, explained that his mother was a former Communist, but that he himself had never had any sympathy with the party. His mother agreed. "He's a reactionary," she said, "diametrically opposed to me." Mrs. Landy, a widow who works as a seamstress in a Belmar, N.J. garment factory, said she had joined the Communist Party in 1937 because she was lonely and it offered friends. "I never intended to bring about a revolution," she said. "I never found Communism to be a conspiracy. Out here in this rural area it was more of a *Kafkekatsch*."

Mrs. Landy said she quit the party about eight years ago, but still misses her comrades. Why, then, did she leave them? Said she: "He [Eugene] gave me an ultimatum—to quit or he would leave home, to choose between him and the party." Then she added: "I chose him." Which was more than the U.S. Navy could say.



MEDAL WINNER KOELSCH

"How do you do," said he to death.

POETRY

The Vice President of Shapes

In Hartford, Conn., a solid, conservative city of insurance companies, a solid, conservative old insurance man died of cancer last week. He was Wallace Stevens, 75, vice president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co., a firm he had been associated with for almost 40 years. Stevens, said Wilson Jainsen, president of the company, "was renowned as a specialist in surety-bond work."

Besides surety bonds, Wallace Stevens had another speciality that brought him worldwide renown. He was one of the finest poets of a generation whose special need for poetry Wallace Stevens well understood.

He believed that 20th century man was subjected to an unprecedented bombardment of reality. "We are confronting a set of events," he had written, "not only beyond our power to tranquilize them in the mind, beyond our power to reduce them and metamorphose them, but events that stir the emotions to violence, that engage us in what is direct and immediate and real, and events that involve the concepts and sanctions that are the order of our lives and may involve our very lives; and these events are occurring persistently with increasing omen, in what may be called our presence." In this situation, what is the poet's role? To cherish imagination not as escape from reality but as "the necessary angel" by whose shaping grace man's need to make sense of reality is fulfilled. Nobility must be expressed, wrote Wallace Stevens, because of a violence from within "that protects us from a violence without. It is the imagination pressing back against the pressure of reality."

The Single Artificer. What Stevens loved and loved to sing of was order, by which he did not mean tradition, which he knew and loved, or law, which he also knew and loved, but a meaning of order that is precedent to tradition, law and perhaps even logic. In one of his greatest poems, *The Idea of Order at Key West*, he wrote:

*If it was only the dark voice of the sea
That rose, or even colored by many
waves;
If it was only the outer voice of sky
And cloud, of the sunken coral water-
wheeled,
However clear, it would have been
deep air,
The heaving speech of air, a summer
sound
Repeated in a summer without end
And sound alone. But it was more than
that,
More even than her voice, and ours,
among
The meaningless plungings of water and
the wind . . .
Whatever self it had, became the self
That was her song, for she was the
maker. Then we
As we beheld her striding there alone,
Knew that there never was a world
for her*

*Except the one she sang and, singing,
made.*

Rage for Order. Stevens knew that a poet has to be "contemporaneous." But his response to the reality around him was almost untouched by satire or social criticism. In that way he was less contemporaneous than T. S. Eliot, say, or even James Joyce. But Stevens was very close to the central tension of his time: with a controlled violence, a rage for order, he fought back against the tumultuous reality of the most "real" of centuries.

There are some curious and probably



Walter Sanders—LIFE

WALLACE STEVENS

The world he sang and, singing, made.

relevant specific details about him. His wife had been a model for Miss Liberty, the head on the U.S. dime. He was fat, but fought it. He accepted routine, arriving at his desk at 8:15. He composed many poems on long walks, wrote them in a microscopic hand and, arriving at the office, gave them to his Miss Flynn to type. On Sunday he usually made a dinner of cold shrimps and celery. He was steeped in European culture, but not tempted to become an expatriate. He said: "It gives a man character as a poet to have a daily contact with a job. I doubt whether I've lost a thing by leading an exceedingly regular and disciplined life." Again, he said: "Poetry and surety claims are not as unlikely a combination as they seem. There is nothing perfunctory about them, for each case is different." Stevens' life, as poet and lawyer and vice president, was to order the differences and the resemblances and the analogies. He was the American poet of shapes, and in the turmoil of his time there could be no more appropriate obsession for an American.

ORGANIZATIONS

M.R.A.'s Message

Moral Re-Armament is a well-heeled movement for "the advancement . . . of personal, social, racial, national and supernatural salvation." M.R.A. people think of themselves as the best ideological defense against Communism. It is possible that many Americans would, if they understood M.R.A., find Communism less nauseating. Currently, 192 delegates and actors from M.R.A. areumping the capitals of South Asia and the Middle East—in U.S. Air Force transports—with a three-act musical morality play called *The Vanishing Island*. A summary of M.R.A.'s message:

INTRODUCTION

The Vanishing Island takes place in two countries. One of them is called the land of Eiluph'mei and the other is called the land of Weihei'tiu. The meaning of the words depends on which dictionary you use. If you look it up in one dictionary, Eiluph'mei (I Love Me) means the Land of Liberty. In another, it is called the Land of License. Weihei'tiu (We Hate You) in one dictionary is said to be the State of New Democracy. If you look it up in another, it means Land of Tyranny . . .

ACT ONE:

The island of I Love Me, a rich and decadent democracy presided over by King Capricorn, Prime Minister Benjamin Bullfrog, Secretary of State Ebenezer Muddle and Lord Chancellor Marmaduke Malfeasance, is threatened with invasion by Odioso, dictator of the land of We Hate You: Odioso first raises the passionate challenge of his have-not state:

*Give us your share
That is our prayer.
Just as the rivers, oceans and air
Just as the wind
Is for mankind
So is your wealth, my people find.*

Confronting this challenge, the rich people of I Love Me reassure themselves by singing the praises of democracy, first, of elections:

*One for you
And one for me.
That's what makes democracy.
We're right.
And you are wrong.
That's the spirit to keep us strong.
Vote on everything.
Twice a year.
Squash the fellow you cannot smear.
Some you can smash.
Some you can square.
That's the way to clear the air.*

Next, a big businessman named Joshua Bible steps forward, and proudly sings the benefits of private enterprise:

*If you ask what we're doing and why—
We're keeping the country in clover.
Men may plan politicking
And griping and kicking
At mystical schemes far away,*

But we're pinned to an office
Our reply to a scoff is
The simple demand "Does it Pay?"
No matter what others may say—
For business is backbone and brainbox
and bread
So we'll stick to our business until we
are dead.
For we're busy, busy, busy, busy,
busy, busy, busy, busy, busy,
with our business
Wrecked with duodenal ulcers
We're who from our homes expulse us
Plagued with liquor, overfat and dizziness.

Stimulated by such philosophy, the people of I Love Me decide that the best way to stave off Odioso's threatened invasion is to send a kind of Point Four delegation to We Hate You to convert the people to democracy. The happy islanders sing:

We're in love, in love, in love, in love
—and how!
We're madly, madly, madly in love with
ourselves.
We know how to manufacture things
(we know how, we know how)
From baby cars to aircraft wings (we
know how, we know how)
We know how to build skyscrapers, tunnels,
Slot machines, autos, and liner funnels.
We know how, we know how, we know
how, we know how. And how!
We're in love, in love, in love, in love
We're in love with ourselves and with
our know-how
Weihet'tu needs our know-how
... We are super-pluperfectly, wonder-
fully right
We're right, we are right, we are right.
They are wrong.

ACT TWO:

In the land of We Hate You, the people prepare to greet the democratic delegation from I Love Me. Their clothing is uniform, their movements are regimented, their faces are set and purposeful. In unison they sing

Marching! Marching! Marching!
Marching!
Rise the bitter
Rise the hateful
Rise the needy to our call
We shall struggle
We shall conquer
One the class to rule for all.
Pain and suffering our weapons
Fear and hunger lead to hate
We'll divide, confuse and conquer
Victory is our fate!

The arriving delegates from I Love Me are not dismayed by such displays of militancy, and they attempt to convert Odioso & Co. to democracy. First man to speak up is Secretary of State Muddle:

We've freedom to lie in the press
We're free in our homes to raise hell
there.
Politicians can get in a mess
Without being purged for their welfare.

Next comes Agatha Highball, leader of women's social groups, offering democratic emancipation to the regimented women of We Hate You:

Our women are free as the birds
Who fly from one nest to a neighbour's
When the cream in one cup turns to
curds
We seek a new field for our labours.
We can lecture or flog a golf ball,
We can drink with themenfolk in parity,
Party politics we overhaul
And, boy, how we organize charity.

Briefly. Big Businessman Joshua Bible once more expounds upon the need for profits and the blessings of Cadillacs and dish-

make no attempt to resist invasion:

It's the way we live from the time we're
a kiddy
Till Kingdom come, and it's called an
iddy . . .
It can be called an iddy.
It will purify the pious guy and clean
up every giddy doll
It's effective, not just preachy and its
name is an idol . . .

So Odioso's troops are not resisted: Odioso, apparently a man of conscience all along, realizes that violent methods are not ethically correct and rethinks his position. War is therefore averted by the pacifism of King Capricorn and the mod-



MORAL RE-ARMAMENT'S KING CAPRICORN (CENTER) DISARMING THE NATIONS'
An itsy-bitsy iddy on the road to Mandalay.

washers, whereupon the democratic delegation sums up:

You can do what you like
When you like
How you like
And the harm they will never discover.
Provided
Provided
And always provided
You're ready to stay under cover.

The result of this defense of democracy is that We Hate You listens ever more keenly to the warlike counsel of Odioso, and prepares to launch its invasion.

ACT THREE:

As the Moral Re-Armament play approaches its climax, the threat of destruction looms over wealthy I Love Me. Salvation is provided not by defense but by King Capricorn, a neutralist billed as "the new type of man with an answer for East and West." King Capricorn shows his people how to adopt literal Christian teachings, e.g., Love Thy Enemy, and

eration of Odioso. One by one, the leaders of I Love Me recant their former doctrines:

SECRETARY OF STATE MUDDLE:
I've warned and given advice to every
nation
My own life needs a clean investigation

CHANCELLOR MALFEASANCE:
I've tried to improve the world with
brag and bellow
In truth I'm just a frightened little
fellow.

The chorus of Moral Re-Armament then surges to the footlights and rings down the curtain by proclaiming that peace is here to stay:

It's all so near at hand
It's all so near to you
It will happen so normally, naturally
happen to you.

* Far left: Secretary of State Muddle; center left: Prime Minister Bullfrog.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

The Picnic

Gold-crested invitations from the Soviet Foreign Ministry went out to Moscow's foreign diplomats and newsmen one day last week, calling them and their families to a huge picnic party. A picnic! There had never been anything like this in the ten years of cold war, or, for that matter, in the 37 years of Communist rule. A printed map, accompanying each invitation, showed the way to the picnic ground, a 280-acre government estate some 60 miles from Moscow, once the property of Count Orlov, a favorite of Catherine the Great. Here, behind a high

heaped trays. Although countless bottles of Soviet champagne, wines and vodka were provided, the Soviet leaders themselves were cautious about drinking. Only two major toasts were given: one by Bulganin, and one in reply by the acting dean of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps, Burmese Ambassador Maung Ohn. But the day's gaiety had just begun.

After lunch, Bulganin packed a crowd of diplomats, reporters and children into Zis limousines and took them off to see a deer park while pudgy Party Boss Khrushchev went out into a berry patch to pick raspberries with Defense Minister Zhukov. Down by the lake shore a memorable tableau formed. Ex-Premier Georgy

Mikoyan danced an Armenian folk dance in the center of a group of singing diplomats and Russians, led by Bolshoi Theater stars. Molotov and Khrushchev sang old Russian folk songs, and First Deputy Premier Kaganovich got so emotional over a song called *I Met You* that he had to wipe the tears from his eyes.

In case there should be any doubt in diplomatic minds about the reason for the frolicsome celebration, from time to time Soviet leaders dropped loaded remarks about their happiness over the way the new atmosphere was working out. "What a day!" exclaimed U.S. Ambassador Bohlen, as he drove home with his wife and daughter, and indeed it had been.



THE GENIAL HOSTS: ZHUKOV, KHRUSHCHEV, BULGANIN & FRIENDS. After the old songs, smiles of happiness and a few Communist tears.

Associated Press

board fence topped with barbed wire and guarded by soldiers, the Soviet leadership was in line to welcome the guests.

Smiling with goateed charm, Premier Bulganin shook hands with them all. He kissed a little girl, and beckoned the guests to wander at large through cool woods and beside ornamental lakes, photographing whatever they desired. He himself helped U.S. Ambassador Charles Bohlen's daughter catch three fish, and he played with Italian Ambassador Di Stefano's ten-year-old son. Lunch was served under a canvas canopy in the open air. A military band played and a Red army bugler called the guests to table.

Two Toasts. The Soviet leaders sat together. Bulganin in the center. Khrushchev on his left and Molotov on his right. Then at three long tables sat about 150 diplomats and Russian guests, with separate tables for press and children. The sumptuous, eight-course meal was served by more than a hundred waiters and serving girls, who came in long lines through a grove of pine trees bearing

Malenkov now acted as a glorified cruise director. He directed Admiral Sergei Gorskoy to pilot British Chargé d'Affaires C. C. Parrott and his wife around the lake in a motorboat. The admiral almost ran down a rowboat in which Mikoyan was rowing Mrs. Bohlen. ("Mikoyan is an old sailor, and he is reliable in all respects," Khrushchev had assured Mrs. Bohlen.) U.S. Ambassador Bohlen then challenged Mikoyan to a rowing race, and when Bohlen won, Bulganin and other Soviet officials hoisted Mikoyan.

Molotov Blushes. Molotov, getting into the act, took the Argentine ambassador and the Indonesian ambassador's wife out in another rowboat, but upset the boat when trying to beach it, and soaked everybody. "Molotov, you are a terrible sailor," said Defense Minister Zhukov, laughing heartily. "One should ride with you around the edge of the lake, not in the middle."

The unathletic Molotov blushed as the other guests laughed. But then, ever the practiced diplomat, he remembered the demands of the day, and got happy. Later,

Misunderstood Laughter

Three days before the big picnic, the well-fed technocrats of Communism filed into the Assembly Hall of the Great Palace of the Kremlin for another of their little practice sessions in the simulation of democracy. The 1,300-odd Communist Party Deputies were gathered in special session to hear goateed Premier Bulganin read a 10,000-word report on the summit conference at Geneva, to cheer at the right places, to follow it with a day's "debate" in which everyone would cheer or deplore what Bulganin cheered or deplored, after which everyone would vote yes.

The proceedings are so stylized that they are sterilized: in the middle of Bulganin's long reading, Khrushchev got to chatting to other members of the Presidium, and Molotov even got up and left the room for a while.

British Chargé d'Affaires Parrott, shaking Bulganin's hand.

Vast Concealment. Pausing at regular intervals to accept the endorsement of his hearers, Bulganin gently praised the West and the new atmosphere, but for the most part emphasized the unchanged stand of the Soviet Union on all foreign-policy questions, particularly Germany and the satellite states. Then he came to the point where he was bound to give an answer to the forthright proposal of President Eisenhower that both countries exchange blue-prints and aerial reconnaissance.

Said Bulganin: "With due respect to the striving to find a solution to the complicated problem of international control . . . one cannot but say at the same time that the real effectiveness of such measures would not be great. During unofficial talks with the leaders of the U.S. Government, we straightforwardly declared that aerophotography cannot give the expected results, because both countries stretch over vast territories in which, if desired, one can conceal anything . . ."

Here Bulganin, dressed in a pale grey summer suit, drew back slightly from the carved oak podium. In the box behind him, where sit the top committeemen from whom others take their cue, someone laughed. Others joined, and a gale of laughter swept through the white and gold chamber.

It is, of course, a grim, ironic joke in Russia that the vast hinterland conceals numberless prison camps, slave-labor projects, and an abysmally low standard of living among all but party people. These were experts in that kind of concealment, and they laughed appreciatively at Bulganin's easy reference to the "vast territories in which, if desired, one can conceal anything." But it was a guffaw all too reminiscent of Vishinsky's famous blunder ("I could hardly sleep all last night . . . because I kept laughing," said Vishinsky of U.S. peace proposals in 1951). News-men spread the story across the world's wires: Russians laugh down Eisenhower's peace proposal.

The Russians quickly realized their mistake: in the eyes of the world, disarmament is no laughing matter. Next day Bulganin made a surprise reappearance at the podium. He complained that his statement about the unworkability of the Eisenhower proposal had been widely misunderstood in the world press, for the Russians were considering it "in all seriousness."

The way was left open to further discussion of Ike's plan, the new amiability was back on the track, and the boys could get set for the picnic.

GENEVA

Practical Matters

With a combination of subtlety of timing and complete obtuseness to others' reactions, the Chinese Communists released the eleven captured U.S. airmen on the eve of the Geneva talks, as if to get the talks off to a good start. It was a clever trick, for the meeting in Geneva's Palais des Nations had only two points



RED CHINA'S WANG PING-NAN & U.S. AMBASSADOR JOHNSON IN GENEVA
From the man with a red geranium, a deft piece of effrontery.

on the agenda: 1) the release of Americans held captive by the Red Chinese, and 2) "other practical matters at issue between the two sides." The Reds seemed not to realize, or to care, what effect Colonel Arnold's story of torture (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) might have on U.S. public opinion.

The Geneva talks—in the same building where the Big Four conferred two weeks before—opened in the wake of a transpacific colloquy conducted between John Foster Dulles and Red China's Chou En-lai. The Secretary of State enunciated a principle by which the U.S. would judge Peking's professions of peace. The principle was "non-recourse to force."

Hours later Chou replied in a speech that for him was almost moderate: he called no one a bandit or warmonger. The old demands were reiterated—for U.N. membership and an end to the trade embargo—but alongside them was a hint that Peking might be ready to "enter into negotiations with the responsible local authorities in Formosa." There was no question of Formosan independence, Chou insisted. But "conditions permitting, [the Communists] are prepared to seek the liberation of Formosa by peaceful means."

"Peaceful means" was a phrase which Adolf Hitler used when he grabbed Czechoslovakia in 1939, and in Peking's vocabulary, it seems to mean the same thing. Chou was merely inviting the Chinese Nationalist government to surrender without a fight. Yet Washington decided to put the best face on Chou's remarks. Said Dulles at his news conference: "Chou En-lai's speech went further in the renunciation of force than anything he had said before."

Dulles, who had not yet heard Colonel Arnold's story, added hopefully that there was some evidence that the Chinese Communists had "laid their pistol down," and that "it might be possible to clear up now some of these practical matters between us."

Knock on the U.N. Door. The man sent to investigate was Kansas-born U. (for Ural) Alexis Johnson, 46, an old Far Eastern hand now serving as U.S. Ambas-

sador to Czechoslovakia. A husky six-footer, Johnson spent half a year in a Japanese internment camp in Manchuria and last year, at the Indo-China peace conference in Geneva, opened the first round of negotiations for the return of U.S. prisoners. Last week in Geneva Johnson faced an old antagonist: Red China's Wang Ping-nan, 47, Ambassador to Communist Poland and a close friend of Chou En-lai.

A solemn little man with hair like an upturned scrub brush, Wang went through the new-style amiability routine on his arrival in Geneva. Smiling and nodding, he posed for photographers, holding a red geranium. He was under orders to whoop up his talks with Johnson into a full-scale conference that, in the words of a Western official, "would make China's knocking on the U.N. door audible throughout the world." Johnson, by contrast, moved in quietly, emphasizing to reporters the official U.S. view: "Remember fellows, this is not a conference, just talks between ambassadors."

Preposterous Proposal. Johnson's brief was limited: he was to try to confine the talks to negotiations for the release of American captives held in Chinese jails. By releasing the eleven tortured airmen the day before the talks began, the Communists momentarily flabbergasted Johnson, but when the talks got under way, Mr. Wang found the Kansan a tough opponent.

At their first session, Johnson insisted that the U.S. must be satisfied on the return of all U.S. civilian prisoners before agreeing to move on to "other practical matters." At Session Two, he produced a list of 40 Americans and demanded their release from Red China's jails. Wang replied with a demand that the U.S. "release" a group of Chinese students detained in the U.S. during the Korean war on the ground that their technical skills (acquired in U.S. universities) might be of use to the enemy. Wang seemed to suggest that the case of the Chinese students was identical—in law and morality—with that of the tortured flyers.

In fact, only 124 Chinese students—

out of a total of more than 4,000 in the U.S.—ever were prohibited from leaving the country. Of these, only 76 have shown willingness to return to the Chinese mainland, and 35 of them have already gone. The remaining 41, says the State Department, are now free to go.

To ensure the students' "release," Wang suggested that a "third power"—possibly India—be appointed as referee. It was a deft piece of efrontery, for by admitting third power inspectors as Peking's private eye, the U.S. would in effect repudiate the authority of Nationalist China's consulates and accept Red China's claim of jurisdiction over all 117,000 Chinese in the U.S.

Up to Peking. At his third meeting with Wang, Ambassador Johnson turned the Chinese offer down flat. This time it was Mr. Wang who appeared to be flabbergasted. The Chinese delegate stumped out of the conference room and conferred with his Communist advisers, one of whom spoke with a marked Harvard accent. A short while later, the talks were recessed for four days.

It was now up to Peking to figure what other face-saving formula it could find for releasing the American civilians, if it really was in earnest about getting to the "other practical matters."

GREECE

The Red Boss's Wife

It was a case of free love at first sight when Comrades Niko Zachariades and Roula Koukoulou looked one another over that summer day in Athens in 1945. Roula, dark-eyed and bosomy, already had a husband, having as a village school-run off with a Communist school-teacher 14 years her senior. Niko, who had just arrived home from three years in Dachau, already had a Czech wife and a son. But such encumbrances can be voided when a girl Communist is ambitious, or when the man is Niko Zachariades, Communist boss in Greece and special protégé of Stalin. Niko deserted his wife and shortly after, Roula's high-school teacher was picked up by the Greek police and sentenced to six years in jail.

Came Stalin's attempt to grab Greece, and the lovers took to the hills, where Niko raised the banner of bloody civil war. While Niko burned peasant villages and liquidated the old-line Communists who stood in his way to power, Roula, in her low-cut blouses and skin-tight riding pants, was promoted to commissar and recognized as the "Boss's Wife." Even in the hills, she was always well groomed, and in the words of one Communist deserter, "wore the only pair of nylons to be found in northern Greece."

A Boy Named Joseph. But as the Greek army, with the help of U.S. General James Van Fleet, smashed at the hard-pressed Communist guerrillas in the mountains, Niko and Roula returned to the safety and comfort of Communist Bucharest, where they set themselves up in an apartment next to Stalin Park in the



COMMISSAR ROULA
Little Joe was left behind.

fashionable diplomatic district. From the safety of Rumania Niko kept control of the Greek Communist Party, while Roula, as head of the women's department, beamed radio appeals to the Red underground. It was a fine life. They toured satellite Europe in a limousine driven by a party chauffeur. They vacationed in the Crimea, and Roula gave birth to a boy named Joseph (after Stalin).

But even so well-placed a Communist boss as Niko sometimes had to concern himself with the disintegration of the movement back in Greece. Niko, wily as ever, got someone else to do the dirty work. First, there was Nicholas Ploumbides, a lifelong Communist. When Ploumbides was captured and shot, Niko denounced him as "a traitor" to the Communist cause. Then there was Nicholas Belyannis, an old comrade-in-arms who was also captured and shot (some of the boys began to wonder whether Belyannis had been honored with the mission because he had flirted too openly with Roula). In 1953, Niko sent Harilaos Florakis as his envoy. He was captured and sent to jail for life.

Six Snapshots. After such reversals, the time called for heroic measures, but not quite so heroic as Niko's returning to Greece himself. He decided to send Roula. Last February, Commissar Roula slipped across the border with her lover's instructions to reorganize the underground and bring back information on all the key figures in Greece. Niko's trusted old bodyguard was with her. Last week Athens announced that the two had been captured, and the Boss's Wife charged with espionage. In her pockets they found wads of drachmas and six well-thumbed photographs of five-year-old Joseph, sent to her by Niko since her arrival in Greece. On the back, each snapshot bore the date and the current weight of little Joseph,

FRANCE

Dexterous Fellow

Few expected Edgar Faure, France's 21st Premier since World War II, to last long in the job. But last week, when the National Assembly adjourned with him still in control, he could—and did—boast of a six-month record of achievements that few would have dared predict. For this he could in part thank the man who wasn't there—his old friend and now bitterest rival, ex-Premier Pierre Mendes-France.

For the Assembly was dominated less by the personality of owlish Edgar Faure than by fear of Mendes. Deputies feared that if they refused Faure, they might get Mendes back. Faure, with his genius for avoiding head-on collisions, was careful never to alarm the Deputies' touchy pride by threats, demands, or talking over their heads to the public. He did not once demand a vote of confidence. And every time he achieved quietly what Mendes had tried to do dramatically, Faure's durability increased, and the threat of Mendes' return diminished.

Home & Summit. Last week, reporting to a vacation-bound Assembly, Faure pointed out that though wages had been raised, living costs had held steady. Productivity was up 10.5% over last year, and 76% from prewar. If progress continues at this rate, said Faure proudly, France's standard of living will double in the next ten years.

In foreign affairs, Faure had pushed the Paris accords through the Senate to final ratification. He claimed credit for "taking the initiative" for the conference at the summit, and he had just gained added popularity among French nationalists by accepting an urgent invitation for himself and Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay to visit Moscow early in October.

In Tunisia, Faure told the Assembly, "home rule had been promised. It is now accomplished." But what the Deputies were waiting to hear was what Faure proposed to do about seething Algeria and Morocco. Each was well aware that two years ago, Premier Joseph Laniel had only waited until they left town before deposing Morocco's Sultan Ben Youssef and installing Sultan Ben Moulay Arafra in his stead. Now the diarchs in the Assembly suspected Edgar Faure of only waiting for the same chance to depose weak-willed Sultan Ben Moulay Arafra in his turn.

Lawyer's Promise. At this point, Faure, one of France's best lawyers, was at his most skillful. France "does not intend to accede to any threat, intimidation or terrorism," said Faure ringingly, and added in the next breath that France was nevertheless "attached to a policy of evolution and reform." He promised that he would not "proceed by surprise or sensation."

© In his previous tour as Premier (1952), Faure set some sort of record by demanding 40 votes of confidence in his 40 days in office, the last 20 in a single, blistering session that brought him down.

but, he added, he did not intend "to tie my hands or renounce my prerogatives of executive in advance." Their suspicions assuaged by these dexterous promises, the Deputies heard their tail-coated Speaker tell them to leave "discreetly" and with much pumping of hands and saying of *au revoir*, departed, leaving Edgar Faure safely in office at least until they return in the fall.

Paris Was Never Lovelier

The August sun beat down on the swarming crowds and the dusty trees along the Champs-Élysées. Never had the Folies-Bergère been more crowded. At the Louvre, tourists lined up in long, patient queues to stare at the *Victory of Samothrace* and the *Mona Lisa*. Around the Place de la Concorde, traffic whirled wildly as ever, but the license plates on the cars were predominantly Swiss, Italian, German, British, Danish, Dutch and U.S. The chattering voices in the cafés were British, American, Belgian, German—but not French. The locals had left the city to the invaders. In August, France is "en vacances."

The Lemmings. In France in August, whole industries (automobiles, steel) shut down, whole streets are shuttered, in a migration as inexorable as lemmings. Railroad stations are loud with the shrill confusion that only the French can produce, each family laden with an amount of baggage that would stagger a Sherpa—packing cases, bicycles, scooters, cooking stoves, tents, valises, net bags, fishing tackle, steamer trunks, camping equipment.

From Paris' ancient gates last week, a steady stream of cars, scooters and motorcycles, with wife or girl mounted behind, poured out of Paris and headed for seashore, mountain, or vacations in Spain (cheaper than the Riviera), Austria, Germany, or even Scandinavia. Before the middle of the month, 2,000,000 of Paris' 5,000,000 inhabitants will have left, and the rest wish they had.

Among U.S. tourists, the hardest hit is the specialist in out-of-the-way restaurants, anxious to show his friends that little place he discovered two years ago last spring. The doorman whistles for a taxi, then sadly reports: "I'm very sorry, monsieur. So many taxi drivers are *en vacances*." Conveyed to the address by a limousine, hired at three times the normal price, the tourists are apt to find the restaurant tightly shuttered and a big sign saying: "*Fermeture annuelle*." On the fourth try they may find one open, though the regular chef is "*en vacances*" and cannot provide his famous sauce.

U.S. residents in Paris find that the neighborhood baker is away, and they must go half a mile for a loaf of bread. If the bathroom faucet leaks, there is no use calling the plumber until after Sept. 1. If a case is pending in a Paris court, it has to wait; the judge is sailing a catboat on the Riviera.

The Leavings. By mid-August, the only Frenchmen left in Paris are those frankly catering to the tourists. Hotspots

on the Place Pigalle perform with sweaty, nude energy. The Casino de Paris turns away customers every evening, and at Maxim's the maître d'hôtel, substituting for Albert (who has gone to Deauville), is hard put to find a latecomer a seat ("And will monsieur have champagne?").

August is also the time for the piercing locust cries of the hucksters of *hunte couture*, who give interviews about what the new fashion line shall be, but sorry monsieur, no photographs: the Fashion Syndicate decrees no pictures until Aug. 25. Last week Christian Dior was talking up his newest alphabetical sensation—the Y-line—and hoped it would do better than last year's H-line, which deflated the bosom and was in turn a bust at the box office. Proclaimed Dior: "I have emphasized the bosom. My shoulders are full and rounded, the real shoulders of a happy woman. I am enchanted that a movement in favor of big hats is under way. They bring back dignity to the little faces coiffed in mad-dog style."

This was Paris in the dog days. All August long in Paris, the public buildings are illuminated at night for the visitors' pleasure, the fountains are turned on in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, chorus its publicists, was never lovelier. They just don't want to be there themselves.

PAKISTAN

Her Majesty's G.G.

In Pakistan, which has no constitution, real power resides in the hands of a little clique of soldier-administrators and Moslem League politicians. The able among them have created a strong army and a strong foreign policy on the side of the West; but the corrupt among them have badly discredited the regime at home.

Nine months ago Her Majesty's Gov-



GOVERNOR GENERAL MIRZA
"Democracy requires breeding."

ernor General Ghulam Mohammed, 59, faced with unrest and growing opposition, took it on himself to reduce amiable Premier Mohammed Ali to the stature of a front man and began to rule with a set of decrees which the Pakistan High Court has since challenged. But wanting to be strong, Ghulam Mohammed found his own body weak. Paralyzed by a series of strokes, and unable to speak clearly, last week he agreed to step down from the governor generalship.

The man who replaced him, Major General Iskandar Mirza, is a blunt soldier who believes his people ready only for a "controlled democracy." Descended from one of the great Mogul families of India, and the son of a wealthy Bengal landowner, Mirza is a Moslem aristocrat and autocrat. Says he bluntly: "Democracy requires breeding. Pakistan is not ripe for democracy. These illiterate peasants certainly know less about running a country than I do."

Mirza joined India's raj, or ruling class, when the British sent him to Sandhurst military college in 1918. There he got to be a crack rifle shot and earned his cricket "blue." Gazetted an officer in the British army, he fought with the Camerians (2nd Scottish Rifles) at Kohat in 1921 and with the 17th Poona Horse in Waziristan in 1924. He was Britain's top policeman in the Khyber Pass area for 20 years before becoming Joint Secretary of the Indian Government Defense Ministry at New Delhi, and, after the partition of India, Pakistan's first Defense Secretary.

At 55, Mirza, a whisky drinker and a heavy cigarette smoker, loathes intrigue and is staunchly loyal to those who trust him. Says he of Pakistan's politicians: "They are mostly crooks and scoundrels." Last year when, as Governor of East Bengal, he worked titanicly amid the flood disaster and was mobbed by genuinely cheering crowds, a Pakistani said: "Mirza has done more for the common man whom he says he despises than all the politicians who promised a new heaven and earth to get votes." Today Mirza lives in a big house with ample grounds and cool white porticos in the center of Karachi with his second wife, a sophisticated Persian.

Mirza's appointment to the governor generalship requires the formal confirmation of Queen Elizabeth, but Strongman Mirza is in no doubt about what his authority will give him. Said he: "The Governor General must have extensive and clearly defined powers, including the power to dismiss governments."

Mirza's first job was to accept the resignation of Premier Mohammed Ali. The Premier did not want to quit, but the Moslem League, in an all-night session, removed him as its leader. Rebuffed by his party, Ali gave up the premiership too.

© Humayun, a son by Mirza's first wife, from whom he is now separated, last year married Josephine Wenz Hildreth (Vassar '34), daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan Horace A. Hildreth.



NEW HOUSING AREA FOR ARMY AND AIR FORCE FAMILIES RESEMBLES TYPICAL U.S. SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT

OKINAWA: Levittown-on-the-Pacific

History of Okinawa reveal distinguished record of conquerors.

We have honor to be subjugated in 14th century by Chinese pirates.

In 16th century by English missionaries.

In 18th century by Japanese warlords.

And in 20th century by American marines . . .

But Okinawans most eager to be educated by conquerors.

Deep desire to improve friction.

Not easy to learn.

—Sakini, in *The Teahouse of the August Moon*.

AT the bitter end of World War II, the U.S. captured Okinawa in the bloodiest engagement of the Pacific, and for four years the despondency of devastation settled over the island. On its fields, supplies—stockpiled for an invasion of Japan that never happened—moldered and rotted. Okinawa

became "the junkyard of the Pacific," the outpost of the outcasts, the place where old jeeps and obsolete colonels went to rust away under the gentle melancholy of the August moon. There was even talk of returning it to Japan forthwith.

But in the U.S. awakening that followed the Communist conquest of China and the invasion of Korea, U.S. strategists discovered that Okinawa could be a valuable outpost for more than teahouses. At that point, Okinawa too awoke.

Atomic Cannon. Last week Okinawa was no longer anybody's junkyard. Four-lane highways lace the island. Modern typhoon-proof buildings dot the lush hills. On the seashore flatlands, Army warehouses stretch for serried miles. Hillsides are honeycombed with underground ammunition dumps. Offshore, sleek F-34s practice simulated A-bomb drops. And as the final cap to its new significance, the Army last week landed atomic cannon on Okinawa, the first in the Far East.

Since 1949 the U.S. has poured \$150 million into Okinawa for construction that will eventually total half a billion dollars. The garrison now includes 30,000 U.S. military personnel. Kadena Air Base, with its 9,000-ft. runway, has become the Air Force's most important Far Eastern home. Naha Air Base is nearly as big. The Army, Defense Secretary Wilson declared recently, expects to make Okinawa its major troop base, capable of staging more troops than it handled (182,000) in World War II. And when the rest of the 3rd Marine Division, now scattered from Japan to Hawaii, makes its scheduled move to Okinawa when housing is ready, Okinawa will be headquarters for the largest Marine striking force in the Orient.

The U.S. often proclaimed that it wanted no territorial gain out of World War II. The big exception is Okinawa. According to an official U.S. Army handout, Okinawa-based bombers "have a far greater flexibility in choice of target areas than those based

Photos by Jun Miki—Lia



TEAHOUSE DANCER, in off-duty kimono, sips a Coke between rounds of entertaining guests at "Flowers of the Pine" in Naha.

in either Japan or in the Philippines . . . They can reach all important target areas within an arc which includes all of Southeast Asia, the whole of China, the Lake Baikal industrial area, eastern Siberia, and the southern tip of the Kamchatka Peninsula." In other words, Okinawa is the spearhead of U.S. retaliatory power in the Far East.

G.I. without KP. It has also become one of the Army's lushest assignments. Instead of hot and confined Quonset huts, there are new G.I. housing developments that look like Levittowns-on-the-Pacific. Modern concrete houses, bright with yellow, grey and white paint, stand on winding streets behind broad green lawns. Sergeants with families get three-bedroom, two-bathroom ranch-style houses complete with Government-supplied furniture, the latest-model refrigerators, and excellent plumbing. Closets are electrically dehumidified against mildew in Okinawa's muggy climate, and a full-time maid costs only \$15 a month. For military personnel there are three golf courses, four bathing beaches, air-conditioned PXs. Officers' and non-coms' clubs feature dancing nightly, advertise on the Armed Forces Radio: "For an enjoyable evening, why not come on up tonight to the Club Top Three? It's within easy distance of most installations on the island." On one post, G.I.s even get out of KP by chipping in about \$1 a month to hire Okinawan stand-ins.

As a result of all the military bustle, the Okinawan economy has boomed. One of every four in Okinawa's labor force works for the U.S. military. Though Okinawans are paid only from \$4 to 21¢ an hour, these are the highest wages in Okinawan history. A new city of paved streets and concrete-block buildings is rising to replace the dirt streets and shattered houses of the old capital city of Naha. Last week stonemasons and carpenters worked under lights until midnight rushing a new \$350,000 movie theater, which will have a CinemaScope screen, air conditioning, and a cabaret in the basement.

One Okinawan businessman has contracted to build the U.S. Army's new \$7,000,000 hospital; another, a onetime gardener, now owns 30 movie theaters. There are new power plants, new dams, new roads, new schools. The number of schoolrooms has increased tenfold since war's end; the death rate is down to less than 40% of prewar. Many Okinawans who once existed exclusively on a sweet-potato diet have climbed a rung on the Oriental living scale and eat rice. "Before the war, only section chiefs and above in the government wore shoes," says one Okinawan. "Now everybody has a pair."

The Colonial Business. Without anyone really intending it that way, the U.S. has been thrust into the colonial business. It has taken on 790,000 wards; and U.S. officials on the scene are



NATIVE STREET SCENE in city of Naha shows typical Okinawan marketplace, unchanged by ten-year U.S. occupation.

a little sheepish about their role. Okinawans see all about them—in the widening airstrips, the concrete barracks, the four-lane highways—visible evidence that their latest conquerors are in Okinawa to stay. The legal situation is deliberately fuzzy. The U.S. has acknowledged Japan's "residual sovereignty" over Okinawa. But by the Japanese Peace Treaty, Japan promised to concur if the U.S. proposed a U.N. trusteeship for Okinawa "with the U.S. as sole administering authority," and pending such trusteeship, granted the U.S. full jurisdiction. The U.S. has never applied for a U.N. trusteeship. The Japanese government has expressed "pain and anxiety" about the future of the Ryukyu Islands, and in 1953 the U.S. returned the northern Ryukyus to Japan. At the same time, the U.S. stated that it would keep control of Okinawa and the rest of the Ryukyus,

shop, snack bar and supermarket, is operated exclusively for service families and civilians attached to the armed forces.

MODERN SHOPPING CENTER, skirted by four-lane highway, and including air-conditioned department store, gift



"so long as conditions of threat and tension exist in the Far East"—that is, said Secretary of State Dulles, "for the foreseeable future."

The U.S. military runs Okinawa and makes no bones about it. Even the currency is U.S. occupation yen, and though the Okinawans are theoretically Japanese citizens, they travel abroad on a certificate of identity issued by U.S. authorities. The U.S. Far East commander, General Lyman Lemnitzer, holds the title of Governor of the Ryukyu Islands. His deputy governor and actual operating boss of the islands is Major General James E. Moore, 53, who was the Ninth Army's chief of staff in World War II, most recently served as commandant of the Army War College.

Conscientiously, the U.S. has set up a representative government for Okinawa, with native courts and a 29-man elective legislature, for which it has built a fine modern building that any U.S. state legislature might envy. But the chief executive, a pleasant, bald, one-armed ex-schoolteacher named Shuhei Higa, is appointed by the U.S. Civil Administration (USCAR), and his office is in the U.S. administration building directly beneath USCAR offices. Anything that the native



GENERAL MOORE

government does, USCAR can veto—though it rarely has. Newspapers are not censored, but editors who criticize the U.S. occupation too freely are apt to get a talking to. "Step by step, they are training us for self-government," says Chief Executive Higa, nodding his head upward at the floor above him. Was such training necessary? "That's an embarrassing question," says Higa.

"Land Is Forever." Actually the Okinawans have more self-government than they ever did under the Japanese. Their chief complaint is land. For its expanding bases and installations, the U.S. has taken or will take almost one-quarter of all the arable land on an island where the population density is already 800 per square mile. The U.S. fixed rents at 6% of assessed value, and made the assessments apparently generous—an average \$330 an acre. But the average Okinawan family



Map by V. Puglisi

owned only 0.8 acre. At the 6% rate, this came to only \$15.84 a year—"Coca-Cola money," the Okinawans said bitterly. On the 0.8-acre plot, an Okinawan can grow enough sweet potatoes to keep his family alive; on \$15.84, he starves unless he finds another job.

Even so, land is lying fallow all over Okinawa because the owner makes better money working for the U.S. Army—running laundry machines, driving trucks, working in construction gangs. General Moore argues that Okinawans must learn to give up subsistence farming and adjust to an economy like Hawaii's, which lives off servicing the military. The U.S. has tried earnestly to make things as easy as possible. It has cut its own requirements to the bone. It tries to find substitute land, has stamped out malaria on the southern offshore islands where displaced farmers might settle.

Okinawans, like landowners anywhere, are apt to regard their own plot as "a poor thing but mine own," and to be exasperatingly impervious to generosity in the name of progress. The U.S. pays each farmer up to \$150 for moving costs, supplies him with trucks to move, lumber and corrugated iron for new houses, lays out water systems and roads on new sites. First, the Okinawans said that annual payments were too small, so the U.S. decided to pay a lump sum for each piece of land. At this point Okinawa's Chief Executive Higa flew off to Washington and persuaded Congress to defer the plan. Explains Higa: "It is more than economic. It is the feeling of the people, handed down from generation to generation. If we sell land to others, we do a very bad thing against our ancestors, against our children. They say, 'Money is for a year; land is forever.'"

When U.S. authorities recently tried to take over the little village of Ishahara for a new military housing project, 150 villagers sat down in front of the construction crew's draglines. Surveyors' stakes were yanked out and burned. In



the end, the Army had to stage a pre-dawn assault with bulldozers and trucks. Paddy dikes that took years to build were churned flat under the bulldozer's blade. One group of farmers made a feeble stand before a bulldozer. A pistol-wielding U.S. officer shouted them off. Shrugging at the inevitable, they shuffled away.

Okinawan laborers hired by the Army dismantled the thatched-roof huts and carefully numbered each beam and board. They were loaded on trucks along with rice bowls, bundles of clothing, pans and mats. A few hundred yards away on the other side of the highway, they were unloaded in neat piles. Over a cup of tea, one of the Okinawan drivers sympathized with a dispossessed farmer. "This touches me to the quick," he muttered. He waved one arm in the direction of a sleek U.S. installation. "Like kings," he said. Of 50,000 dispossessed farmers, 92% have appealed for redress.

"Our mission is to defend this island and to ensure its uninterrupted use as a military base," says General Moore. "If we don't have land to train on, we might as well send our troops back home." But if the U.S. wants to be secure in its new island fortress and in the esteem of watching Asia, it must reach decisions soon on how it is to compensate, and how generously, for the land it has taken. Occupation, even with CinemaScope and four-lane highways, never was easy.

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CANADA

Two-Way Traffic

Keeping tabs on the U.S.-Canada tourist trade, 85% of which flows across the border in automobiles, Canada's car-counters last week issued an interim report on the 1955 season: northbound traffic from the U.S. is 8% heavier than last year; traffic southbound from Canada is up 15%. If the two-way traffic continues at the same rate until year's end, Canada's 1955 U.S. tourist total will top 9,000,000 and set an alltime record. But the gain will be wiped out, as usual, by the heavy exodus of Canadians, who regularly spend more money in the U.S. than visiting Americans leave behind in Canada.

Uranium Policy

Canada's booming uranium industry has leveled off sharply in the past month, in the wake of rumors out of Ottawa and Washington (which buys most of Canada's uranium) that the market might be approaching the saturation point and that the Canadian government was about to stop buying uranium. Last week Defense Production Minister C. D. Howe cleared the air with a statement of the government's uranium policy:

¶ Until March 31, 1962, Ottawa will buy all acceptable uranium concentrates, i.e., 10% U_3O_8 , at a maximum price of \$7.25 per lb. for the uranium content and will pay premium prices for uranium produced under government contract.

¶ No new premium-price contracts will be put into effect after April 1, 1957.

¶ No uranium mine which has not proved its ore body by March 31, 1956, and its readiness to go into production within a year, will get a premium-price contract.



MacLeod-Gilbert A. Milne

ALGOM'S JOUBIN

The orange light went on.

Uranium stocks dipped with Howe's announcement but bounced back fast. There was no panic selling of uranium shares, and the only companies that seemed depressed were a few small, speculative outfits which may have trouble getting into production in the 20 months Howe allowed them. Heads of the bigger companies took Howe's statement as a fair warning that Canada and the U.S. will not go on indefinitely paying a premium price for stockpile uranium. Said Franc Joubin, president of Algom Uranium and discoverer of Ontario's Blind River field: "This is the orange light before the red, which is always welcome."

Why did Howe flash the warning? Howe himself did not say, and tight-lipped U.S. Atomic Energy Commission officials in Washington would add nothing. But William Bennett, head of Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., hinted that Ottawa had received word from Washington putting a definite ceiling on the amount of Canadian uranium the U.S. will contract to buy.

Bennett professed not to know whether Washington's cutback plans were caused by an ample supply of uranium in the U.S. or by the prospect of some workable new process that could make uranium obsolete as a nuclear fuel. If the latter was the case, Canada was obviously unaware of it. Almost simultaneously with Howe's policy statement, the government revealed the details of Canada's first atomic power station, an \$11 million plant that was described as a model for many more in the future. The plant will be fueled exclusively with Canadian uranium.

GUATEMALA

Crime & Punishment

In the patio of Guatemala's Central Penitentiary last week, a firing squad carried out the first legal executions since Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas overthrew the Red-ridden government of Jacobo Arbenz in June 1954. The executed men, two former policemen who took part in the murder of ten anti-Communists during the last bloody days of the collapsing Arbenz regime.

COLOMBIA

Censorship as Usual

One of President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla's proudest acts, soon after he came to power two years ago, was to relax the strict press controls administered by his unpopular predecessor, dictatorial President Laureano Gómez. On one occasion, in the presence of a band of visiting foreign newsmen, Rojas Pinilla turned to the government's chief censor with a grin and forthwith abolished all censorship of outgoing news cables. But last week, no longer so proud, no longer so sure of himself, President Rojas cracked down on the press again.

First victims of the new press policy



PRESIDENT ROJAS
The grin vanished.

were Colombia's Liberal opposition papers, which were ordered a fortnight ago to submit all copy to army censors before publication. When one paper went to press with blank spaces marked "censored" where stories had been killed, troops confiscated 15,000 copies. A few days later, censorship was extended to pro-government newspapers as well. Then, last week, the government shut down entirely the country's leading Liberal paper, *El Tiempo*.^o Reason: *El Tiempo*'s Editor Roberto García-Peña had rejected an army order to print, as his own statement, a rebuttal to criticism he had leveled at the government. When foreign newsmen filed stories about the shutdown of the internationally respected *El Tiempo*, they were told that their dispatches would again be censored.

Although Rojas claimed that he had clamped down on the press only because it failed to live up to its own "code of honor," Bogotá newsmen noted that censorship began on the eve of the President's long-postponed weekend visit to Ecuador, repaying last year's good-will visit to Bogotá by President Velasco Ibarra. Just to be on the safe side, President Rojas took with him a huge retinue of 115 Cabinet ministers and officials, including all the friends and foes of consequence who might dream of plotting behind his back. Rojas installed an Acting President (his old army pal, General Gabriel París) with a whole new Cabinet for the Saturday-to-Monday absence, and, as a final precaution, ordered all Bogotá bars and taverns closed while he was away.

^o Which was once, during Colombia's civil war, stoned and burned out by a rioting mob of Conservative partisans (TIME, Sept. 15, 1952).

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

An independent Hollywood producer spotted a hot property in a politician's life story, bought rights to make a screen biography of South Dakota's modest, cigar-puffing Republican Governor **Joe Foss**, 40. The script will need no embroidery. As ringmaster of "Joe's Flying Circus" on Guadalcanal in World War II, Marine Air Force Captain Foss led a hell-for-baling-wire fighter squadron, became a top U.S. ace by downing 26 Japanese planes, for his hazards later was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor. Added touch for Hollywood scenarists: Foss's yen to fly began when he was a farm boy of twelve, awesomely saw **Charles A. Lindbergh**, then touring the U.S. as the lionized conqueror of the Atlantic. Film's tentative title: *Brave Eagle*.

Told that she had a recurrence of cancer (she underwent surgery in 1953 for a malignancy, and last June for a ruptured spinal disc), **Babe Didrikson Zaharias**, the world's greatest woman athlete (track and field, basketball, golf), forced a smile and said: "Well, that's the rub of the green."

At Rome's Ciampino airport, beaming Cinematress **Linda** (*The Happy Time*) **Christian** welcomed her No. 1 boy friend, British Cinematographer **Edmund** (*The Student Prince*) **Purdum**, dreamily pinned a flower on his lapel when he flew in from Spain. Both Linda and Purdum are in the toils of divorce, she from Cinematographer **Tyrone Power**, formerly one of Purdum's



SOPRANO MUNSEL
Ham for the gamblers.

closest pals. But Linda squelched tattle that a classic Hollywood swap is in the works. Purred she: "I hope to have a lasting affection for Edmund, but that's as far as it goes."

Less than a month after the birth of her second child, Rhett (*TIME*, July 18), Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Patrice Munsel** cut a lissome figure in Bermuda, where she was gathering strength for an October stint in a Las Vegas pleasure dome. Asked if the Nevada jaunt augurs a nightclub career, Singer Munsel piff-pooft: "No! Las Vegas will mean only a onetime excursion into another field so that I can get some of the innateness out of my system."

Steaming back into the U.S. after a 4½-month European crusade, Evangelist **Billy Graham** immediately fired a shot heard across the Atlantic. Said he: "Morals in Scandinavia are very low—particularly sexual morals." His fire was promptly returned. Snapped one of Denmark's own moral crusaders, Lutheran Pastor Boerge Hjerl-Hansen: "Before throwing stones, Graham ought to think twice. After all, he is a citizen of the country where the Kinsey Report was published."

Discharged from suburban Washington's Bethesda Naval Hospital, where he was laid up after his heart attack (*TIME*, July 11), Senate Majority Leader **Lyndon B. Johnson**, once a fast-moving workhorse but now slowed to a walk, went with wife Lady Bird to his home in the capital, where he was greeted by neighbors and his dog, "Little Beagle

Johnson." He planned to go back to Texas later this month, to the Mayo Clinic in December for checkups.

In London, Britain's dagger-eyed, razor-brained Poetess **Edith** (*Facade*) **Sitwell**, baptized an Anglican, decided at a ripe 67 on a change of church. Kneeling in London's (Jesuit) Immaculate Conception Church, Dame Edith was received into the Roman Catholic Church. Said Convert Sitwell humbly: "I have taken this step because I want the discipline, the fire and the authority of the church. I am hopelessly unworthy of it, but I hope to become worthy."

Fortifying himself against Tokyo's 95° heat with gin and tonics, Nobel Prize-winning Author **William** (*A Fable*) **Faulkner**, on his first visit to Japan as a star attraction of the State Department's Cultural Exchange Program, candidly entertained Japanese and U.S. newsmen at a one-hour pressorifice. Asked if he is now penciling a novel, Mississippi Squire Faulkner harrumphed: "No, I have reached the age now (57) when I work only when the weather is bad." Why did he write *Sanctuary*? "I wanted a horse, and I heard that people were making money by writing novels." After the formal conference, the newsmen hung around for more Faulknerisms and free-flowing heat-chasers. Any comment on **Henry James**? "One of the nicest old ladies I ever knew." How much had **Gertrude Stein** influenced his writing? "Very little," drawled Bill Faulkner affably. "I didn't meet her until I was 50." Next day, some 175 diplomats,

* Author Faulkner was no older than 48 when Literary Lioness Stein died in 1946.



PURDUM & CHRISTIAN
Posy for a pal.



Songyo Keizai Shimbusu
TOURIST FAULKNER
Gin for all.

Who Can Say: *"This Is None Of My Business?"*



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TIME, AUGUST 15, 1955



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newsmen and Japanese educators waited for the author to appear at Tokyo's Foreign Correspondents Club. But they had to satisfy themselves instead with a filet mignon lunch. Attended by a doctor and nurse, Tourist Faulkner was bedded down at International House, laid low by the heat, lack of nourishment (he abstained from food during his entire transpacific flight), and too many toasts of welcome.

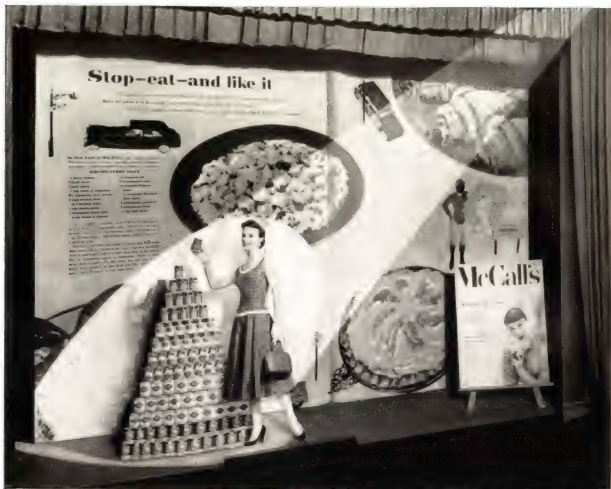
Mexico's bittersweet, May-and-December romance between famed, four-times-married Artist **Diego Rivera**, 68, and



MARIA FELIX
Fun for a while.

sultry, four-times-married Cinemactress **Maria Felix**, 37, flared fitfully. Recently, when Maria returned by plane to Mexico from Havana, she was clutched in a passionate deathlock by the panting master, was washed through Lover Rivera's standard regimen of courtship: a daily bouquet of red roses, frenzied *chu-chu-chu* dancing in flossy nightclubs, morning excursions to the lady's balcony with hired serenaders. But one day last week Diego Rivera landed in a hospital. Mexico City editors began reading obituaries, but as suddenly as he had checked in, Rivera checked out of the hospital and headed for parts unknown. Searching for an explanation of his illness, Mexicans could not but be struck by the daily newspaper photos showing Maria whooping it up with younger beaux. A visitor to Rivera's deserted studio found it barren as December. On his easel stood an unfinished portrait of Maria, the second he has painted (the first: a startling full-length study in a diaphanous gown). Beside the easel reposed a photograph of mercurial Maria, her eyes daring and teasing; flanking her taunting image drooped two wilted bouquets.

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McCall's
 the magazine of *togetherness*

EDUCATION

Why Johnny {Can't} Read

Not since its music critic called Liberace a "butcher" musician and "Chic Sale" humorist did the San Francisco Examiner get as many irate letters on a single subject. Other papers across the U.S. have had the same experience. "People jumped into this thing with both feet," says Managing Editor Frank Angelo of the Detroit Free Press. Reason for all the fuss was a syndicated version of Rudolf Flesch's best-selling (over 60,000 copies since March) *Why Johnny Can't Read*. Said one school official in St. Louis after the *Globe-Democrat* started its series: "I've never seen a book more discussed than this one. My phone practically rang itself off the wall."

In a sweeping condemnation, Flesch had

President in the White Horse or assembling stamp collisions. But phonics alone can be equally disastrous. Though a pupil might be able to read the word institute right off, says Elementary Education Supervisor Mary O'Rourke of Massachusetts, he can without other training be completely confused as to its meaning. In one case, a phonics-trained girl defined it: "When two people don't know each other, you institute them."

After years of research, the educators are now agreed that phonics is wrong for beginners. "When I was in school," says James E. Greene, professor of education at the University of Georgia, "I spent days learning the letters of the alphabet and a lot of meaningless syllables like AA, BB and AB. What the hell did I care for AB? The whole idea is not to drill the pupil in abstract symbols at first, but to

story about what they have seen. The story appears on the blackboard or on posterlike "experience chart," and is later read back. As such dictation proceeds, says San Francisco's Assistant School Superintendent (Elementary Schools) Alda Harris, "the children see that their own word can be transformed into written symbols."

Rabbit & Rattle. By such methods, the pupil is expected to build up a vocabulary of 50 to 100 words he can recognize at sight. Some teachers use flashcards; others may have a "daily newspaper" for which the children can recite a one-sentence story about themselves ("I played ball yesterday"). Detroit schools use a primer called *Before We Read*. This teaches the beginner to distinguish shapes (e.g., by picking out a sailboat from a series of trucks) and sounds (e.g., by picking out objects with similar names, as in *rabbit* and *rattle*, *turtle* and *turkey*). The next book also contains a number of word captions which through repetition the child learns to recognize at sight. With this small vocabulary the pupil is ready for elementary phonics.

Soon pupils are confronted with rhymes (*cat, fat, bat, etc.*) and lists of words beginning with the same consonant. They might also be asked to pick out from a series of words (*boy, toy, boy, dog, box*) the two that are alike. They learn other words by how they are used in a sentence (e.g., *milk*, from "The cat drinks milk"). are encouraged to look up unfamiliar words in the dictionary. Prefixes and suffixes, vowels and diphthongs, combination words such as *oatmeal* and *airplane* are all taught in their place.

Educators agree that phonics alone can be the most effective instruction in some cases. But Rudolf Flesch to the contrary, most children seem to need a combination of methods. Whether the modern school has hit upon the best possible combination is probably a question that could probably be answered only by entering today's pupils into a wholesale competition with their phonics-trained parents. In the Birmingham News, Managing Editor Charles H. Fell reported that there was some indication that the adults might not come off too well. Among the letters rallying to the Flesch banner, he noted that one teacher had spelled *differentiate* with one "f" and another wrote *seperately*. Several grown-ups used *alright* for *all right*; one mother put two "l's" in *personality*, and three fathers had written such oddities as *begining*, *jorth* grade, and *uncertain*. Editor Fell's conclusion: "A lot of grownups . . . aren't any hotter with their spelling than some of them think you are, Johnny, with your reading."

The Knowledge Crooks

At 8 o'clock one morning last week, a neatly dressed Negro in a natty brown suit parked his old Ford in an alley in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and after glancing furtively around, hurried into a dingy building that had once been a garage. Under his arm was a small blackboard wrapped in newspapers; in his pockets were bits of chalk; and awaiting him



READING CLASS IN ATLANTA
The President's in the White Horse with his stamp collision.

accused the schools of an almost total failure to teach children to read because they had abandoned phonics (the letter-by-letter, syllable-by-syllable method) in favor of sight recognition (recognizing whole words by their appearance). "Do you know," wrote Flesch, "that the teaching of reading never was a problem anywhere in the world until the United States switched to the present method around about 1925?" Bald and exaggerated as his statements were, Flesch had in a sense done the nation a favor. He had brought the extremists out into the open, and he had forced the educators to explain just why they teach as they do.

Bowl to Pot. Though it may vary somewhat from city to city, the method now used in most schools is a combination of systems. The educators admit that word recognition has its dangers. It is quite possible, as one Louisville mother reported of her son, for a third grader to type out b-o-w-l and call it pot, or for a pupil to develop the annoying habit of putting the

bring about what the educators call "reading readiness."

Bear to Pear. In determining a child's readiness to read, the teacher must make sure not only of his eye, but also of his ear. Thus, the pupil may be given a series of pictures and asked to circle the object that the teacher names. If he mistakes a comb for a cone or a bear for a pear, he is obviously on his way to mistaking "institute" for "introduce." In another series of pictures, the teacher may try to put across certain abstract concepts. A pupil will be asked to draw a ball beside, under or above another object; or, he may have to mark which line in a series is the longest. If he can't yet make such distinctions, he is not ready for the written word.

Throughout the first months of school, teachers use other devices. In Chicago, there are storytelling times and tell-and-do periods. But whatever the device, the goal is the same. The class may take a walk around the room or a trip to the zoo. Then they dictate to the teacher a



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Let's talk about family trees

THEY ALL LOOK MIGHTY CUTE when they're first born...but before long *anybody* can tell that one has turned out to be "just a dog".

When it comes to buying fluorescent Lamps, the problem is considerably tougher. Even an expert can't tell just by *looking* at them which will fizzle and dim out young—and which are the blue-ribbon winners with a long bright future.

Now Sylvania has a plan that ends this guessing game. Listen to this:

We'll buy back, at the price you paid, any Sylvania fluorescent lamps that do not, in your opinion, outperform any other fluorescent lamps you're using on the basis of uniformity of performance and appearance, maintained brightness, and life.

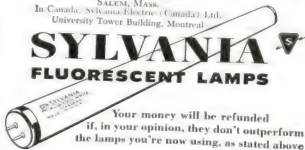
You'll notice Sylvania lets *you* be the judge. And this firm money-back offer holds whether you buy ten lamps or ten thousand. It's a good deal. Take us up on it. Call your Sylvania supplier today. And when ordering your Sylvania fluorescents, ask for the special "money-back" certificate.

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To lovers of fine food in Chicago, and all over America, the waiter clad in hunting pinks and carrying a flaming sword means "Pump Room". The "cowboy" waiters of the College Inn Porterhouse are also famed far and wide.

Unusual? Yes! But equally unusual is the fact that both restaurants—which most certainly boast Chicago's two truly great cuisines—are housed in Chicago's two finest hotels. The Pump Room is in the Ambassador Hotel, the College Inn Porterhouse is in the Hotel Sherman. We don't believe there is another city in America where you can enjoy the finest food in town right in your own hotel.

So, when you next visit our city, let the fame of Chicago's finest restaurants guide you to Chicago's finest hotels. You will agree that the accommodations and service, as well as the food, are flawless in every respect. Suites and rooms provide television, radio and air-conditioning.

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THE NEW HOTEL

SHERMAN

GARAGE ENTRANCE AT LA SALLE AND
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TELEPHONE: FRANKLIN 2-3100
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BOOTLEG CLASSROOM IN SOUTH AFRICA
Point at a blackboard, go to jail

inside the building were 38 Negro children, sitting silent on wooden benches. Before he turned to them, however, the man first carefully locked the door. He had good reason: his is an illegal school.

Since the South African government put the Bantu Education Act into effect last spring, scores of such schools have sprung up, especially in the area around Johannesburg. Though the Bantu Act did not actually deprive South African Negroes of their regular schools, it imposed a curriculum that was designed to do nothing less than to convince every Negro child that he is inferior. Last April, thousands of students boycotted their schools in protest. The Minister of Native Affairs, Hendrik F. Verwoerd, one of the architects of *apartheid*, retaliated by closing the boycotted buildings, thus leaving some 7,000 children without any education at all. Partly to take care of these, the African National Congress sponsored its network of secret classes.

Since then, the Special Branch, i.e., political police, has been kept busy with the strange task of tracking down "knowledge crooks." These are the teachers who assemble small classes in private homes, alleys and backyards and who, if caught, are subject to a \$140 fine and six months in jail. The police look for such evidence as boxes of chalk or bottles of ink. Once they hauled in a teacher and claimed they had caught him red-handed "pointing at a blackboard." But so far, such arrests have been few. When their classrooms are raided, the children simply say they are having a party.

Last week the African National Congress and the African Education Movement added a new wrinkle to their bootlegging of knowledge. They started up nine "clubs" where children can gather for lessons. The pupils call themselves "members," the teachers are "group leaders," the classes are "meetings." By next

fall these new clubs hope to have 20,000 children learning their history, geography and languages through quiz games and "talking newspapers," their 3 Rs through songs ("A for Africa, B for Ball. We are happy one and all").

But the teachers who are risking their freedom for the cause know full well that Minister Verwoerd will never rest until every bootleg school, every club and every knowledge crook is put out of business. After all, Minister Verwoerd has a cause of his own, "Natives," he once declared, "must be taught from childhood to realize that equality with the European is not for them."

Report Card

¶ In its most mean-spirited action yet against the state's Negro teachers, the Georgia board of education extended its previous resolution to revoke for life the license of any teacher who "supports, encourages, condones, or agrees to teach a mixed grade." From now on, added the board, this policy would apply to any teacher "who is a member of the N.A.A.C.P., any allied organization or any subversive organization."

¶ Retired Vice Admiral Alvin D. Chandler ran into another squall in his stormy four-year cruise as president of the College of William and Mary. Having alienated most of the students by rigid rules against beer, unchaperoned parties and uncensored student publications, he and the governing Board of Visitors alienated a powerful segment of the faculty by demands for absolute loyalty and a tendency to command the campus as if it were a battleship. Last week one of William and Mary's top men and onetime acting president, Philosopher James W. Miller, resigned because "under its present auspices, there is little hope for the College of William and Mary." Miller will join the faculty of Canada's McGill University.



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RECIPE

1. In a shaker, combine 1/2 oz. Old Forester
Bottled in Bond Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky,
1/2 oz. lemon juice, 1/2 oz. lime juice, 1/2 oz. simple syrup,
and 1/2 oz. orange juice. Shake well.
2. Fill a tall glass with ice cubes.
3. Pour the mixture from the shaker into the glass.
4. Garnish with a slice of lime and a cherry.
5. Serve and enjoy.

THE PRESS

Smile on the Bear

When the bosses of the Soviet Union change their tune, their wholly controlled press is never far behind. Even if a foreign-policy change is only smile-deep, Communist newspapers fall in line as fast as they are told where to fall. The new smile on the face of the Russian bear has already started to show through Communist journalism.

During the Geneva Conference, *Pravda* and *Izvestia* ran pictures of the Big Four, along with factual accounts of what Western leaders had said at the conference, including such strong language as President Eisenhower's remark that "international Communism . . . seeks . . . to subvert lawful governments." Eisenhower's proposal for aerial inspection of defense installations, as well as his report to the U.S. people after he returned from Geneva, was printed in full in Russian papers.

Although there is still much criticism of the West in Russian newspapers, it has been toned down, e.g., "certain circles" instead of "Wall Streeters" are engaged in "capitalist warmongering." Communist newsmen have also shown a new geniality, have taken to lunching and socializing with reporters from the West. Last week the Russians also permitted CBS Radio's correspondent Bill Worthy to begin broadcasting directly to the U.S., the first regular short-wave news broadcasts from Moscow since 1947.*

From the official Russian news agency, Tass, have come stories about the possibilities of increased cultural and sports exchanges with the West. Tass also has carried glowing accounts of the touring Russian agricultural delegation in the U.S. (*TIME*, August 1), but has not published dollars and cents figures on the income and wages of U.S. farmers and farmhands. In an article on the tour, *Pravda* said: "There is need to further strengthen the friendship, cooperation and mutual understanding in all fields [between] the two great countries." Russian papers have also been printing daily stories about the U.S. farm delegation touring Russia. The reports include state-

ments from the Americans (which the Communist press does not try to refute) that U.S. farm mechanization is far ahead of Russia's and that U.S. farmers have a higher standard of living than Soviet peasants.

But the old, deep frown is visible not far behind the smile. Although many Western newsmen have been granted temporary visas to Moscow in the last two months (*TIME*, July 4), at least half a



PHOTOGRAPHER ROUGIER (FAR LEFT) DURING TOKYO MAY DAY RIOTS
Also outriggers in the South Seas and macaroni on the permafrost.

dozen recent requests for visas have not been acted upon. Last week *Pravda* slipped into its familiar theme song that the "common people" of the West want peace, but their wishes are often frustrated by the "ruling circles." And London's Communist *Daily Worker* made a shocking revelation: "Children on farms in the U.S. customarily work very hard, and some boys and girls of 12 and 13 get up at 4 a.m. to do the milking before going to school."

Obviously the Soviet press could jump back to the old line it has been following for years a split second after the Kremlin snapped the whip.

Superfluous

London's respected, influential weekly *Economist*, temperate in most matters, last week ran a characteristically considered editorial note: "We have for some time been trying to discover why it is that copies of *The Economist* sent by mail to subscribers in the United States are so late in delivery. An explanation has recently been received from the U.S. Post Office. It appears that all foreign publications are forwarded to the Bureau of Customs for review under the Customs Tariff Act of 1930 as possible propaganda matter. Investigations by a Post Office inspector have disclosed that, owing to the large volume of incoming foreign

mail which must be examined, a backlog has accumulated, and it is understood that at times the examining unit has been considerably in arrears in 'processing the mails.' We feel that comment by us on this state of affairs might be in bad taste, and is certainly superfluous."

Life with LIFE

Journalism was once a word game. Even such swashbucklers as Richard Harding Davis were devoted entirely to getting the right words out of the right place at the right time. When photo-journalism began,

it demanded a different kind of ingenuity and intrepidity. This week the resourcefulness and patience of good photo-journalists are described in *How LIFE Gets the Story*,* an illustrated view behind the scenes of 41 *LIFE* assignments.

The pioneer, and the biggest (circ. 5,650,000), picture magazine in the world, *LIFE* uses only one in 50 of the half-million pictures its editors look at every year. For the one in 50, *LIFE* photographers often go to extraordinary lengths. Samples:

¶ On the frozen fastness of the Canadian arctic, *LIFE* Photographer Fritz Goro and Reporter James Goode worked for seven weeks in silent isolation, photographing a corner of the world few men had ever seen before, where the weather extremes far surpass the farthest reaches of the arctic. Their radio could receive messages but could not send. Movement was so difficult that it once took them five days to reach a photographic objective barely ten miles from their two-week camp. For another five days, rising water in the spring thaw completely cut them off from land. As their provisions dwindled, they lived on canned macaroni alone, because the fish they hooked were too big to land on their lines. When an airplane finally picked them off the permafrost, *LIFE* printed their

* But the idiosyncracies of Russian censorship still prevail. Last month *Vancouver Tribune* Paris Correspondent Hank Wales tried to file a bit of history from Moscow. He recalled covering a big political rally at Moscow's Bolshoi Theater in 1927. As the members of the Presidency and Politburo filed onto the stage, all eyes were on Trotsky, then believed to be Lenin's heir. Wales noticed another Soviet bludge with a patch on his pants and a valrusin-masochase, was told it was "a fellow named Stalin." Last month, when Wales mentioned the "big patch on the seat of Stalin's pants" in a story, the Russian censor promptly blue-penciled the line out of his copy. "Don't you see," protested Correspondent Wales, "it shows the simplicity of Stalin. Why, it makes him seem like our own Abraham Lincoln." Replied the nervous Communist censor stiffly: "Please, sir, we do not welcome the comparison. After all, Lincoln was assassinated."

* Doubleday, \$5, written and edited by *LIFE* Promotion Writer Stanley Rayfield.

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*Would your banker
know?*



THE man holding this bolt of worsted could tell you that it takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of it to make a size 40 suit. He could tell you, too, that it's 12 ounce weight and 100% wool.

You might take him for a clothing manufacturer. But he's actually a loaning officer from The First National Bank of Chicago!

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memorable full-color photographs of the Canadian tundra.

❑ To photograph islands in the South Seas, Photographer Eliot Elisofon traveled 30,000 miles, partly by copra schooner and outrigger canoe, on the island of Nuku Hiva, made an archaeological discovery of carved idols.

❑ Photographer Dmitri Kessel worked eight days to get one picture in authentic color of Tintoretto's *The Annunciation* in Venice's School of San Rocco. One of his biggest problems was to keep both his camera and the 166-in.-by-214½-in. framed painting, which had been on the wall for almost 400 years, dead still for a 45-minute time exposure. After overcoming the hazards of Venice's crowded streets and ringing church bells, both resulting in imperceptible vibrations of the building's walls, Kessel discovered another hazard that blurred his picture. The heat from the floodlights made warm air behind the painting push the canvas almost microscopically while his shutter was open. He finally prevented that by heating the painting beforehand with lights. The result was worth the effort: Italian art experts said that Kessel's results "succeeded for the first time in reproducing photographically Tintoretto's original colors as the artist himself must have seen them."

❑ To photograph the rain forests of Dutch Guiana, a LIFE team, including Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, loaded porters with ten tons of equipment including telephone linemen's climbing spikes, seven cameras, and nearly a mile of Manila rope, built a 120-ft. tree house in the jungle to get above the trees and came back with 4,000 negatives. (LIFE used 20.)

❑ Photographer Margaret Bourke-White dangled from a cable dropped from a helicopter for aerial views of the U.S.

❑ In a Florida lagoon, Photographer Hank Walker mounted a camera on a sunken ship, connected it to shore by 4,000 ft. of cable so that he could shoot a jet plane coming head-on to a target with its rockets blazing. A direct hit smashed the camera, but left the film magazine intact.

❑ Photographer Michael Rougier, shooting pictures of Communist May Day rioters in Tokyo, suddenly found himself the main target of attack.

Punishment for the Star

Convicted in federal court six months ago on criminal charges of "monopolizing . . . the dissemination of news and advertising" in the Kansas City area (TIME, March 7), the Kansas City *Star* last week got its punishment. Federal Judge Richard M. Duncan fined the paper \$5,000 and also fined Advertising Director Emil A. Sees \$1,500 for attempting to monopolize. A companion civil suit, still pending, seeks to force the *Star* Co. to divorce its radio-TV station, WDAF, from its newspapers and to split up the evening *Star* and its morning sister, the *Times*, into two separate papers as far as circulation and ad rates are concerned. Said *Star* President Roy Roberts: "Of course the *Star* and Mr. Sees will promptly appeal, in full confidence of the ultimate outcome."



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Kodak Signet 35 Camera at its new low \$75 price is truly a great investment. Its Ektar f/3.5 Lens rates among the world's finest for definition, color purity. Features include Kodak Synchro 300 Shutter, flash synchronized; coupled range-

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RELIGION

The Bell That Came Home

For 123 years the copper-hued *tsurigane* (changing bell) of Tokyo's *Nishi-arai Dai-shi* Temple rang out over the city, its tone as rich as a mighty organ. When the temple survived the Tokyo earthquake of 1923, a superstition arose that the *tsurigane* was imperishable. Then, on an autumn day in 1943, a drab-colored Japanese army truck carted the half-ton *tsurigane* away to be melted down, with thousands of other Buddhist temple bells, into war scrap. The bell disappeared from sight, but its memory lingered.

At war's end, men of the U.S.S. *Pasadena* found it intact and undamaged among the scrap in the battered naval base at Sasebo, 800 miles southwest of Tokyo, later donated it to Pasadena Calif., where it was placed in the city hall. Tokyo's people heard that their bell was safe in a beautiful American city, but they were too proud to ask for it. Then, last June, Pasadena's Board of City Directors decided to return the bell.

For more than a month worshippers at *Nishi-arai* prepared a welcome. Special sutras (prayers) were composed, hundreds of streamers and leaflets were distributed throughout Tokyo. A 13-year-old girl wrote a song, *The Bell That Came Home*. Borne in colorful procession through Tokyo's streets, the *tsurigane* was greeted by a chanting crowd of 10,000. Chief Priest Hamano broke into unashamed sobs of happiness during his speech, and the U.S. Air Force band joined in the welcome by playing *When the Saints Go Marching In*. To mark the return of the *tsurigane*, the temple last week restored its monthly *Go-Enichi* (Honorable Fete Day) for the first time since 1943. As the bell looked down on the scene from a temporary belfry, worshippers thronged the temple, and nearby streets echoed to Japanese folk dances. Said a temple priest: "May the relations between Japan and the U.S. be as imperishable as this *tsurigane*."

Woman Cantor

For centuries, Jews the world over have experienced the joys and sorrows of their faith through the voice of the cantor. For centuries, cantors have sung such sacred songs as the mournful *El Molay Rachumim* ("O, God, full of compassion . . . grant perfect rest unto the souls of our dear ones"), or the joyful *Kiddush* ("We praise Thee, O God, and thank Thee . . ."). Unlike the choirmaster or organist in a Christian church, the cantor (although not ordained) holds a semisacred office; the prayers he sings are an integral part of the service, and he must be trained in Jewish ritual.

Every year, the 210 families of Temple Avodah, a Reformed Jewish congregation in Oceanside, L.I., had managed to hire a professional cantor for Rosh Hashanah. The Jewish New Year (in 1955 it falls on Sept. 16-18), even if they had to be con-

tent with their temple choir on other holy days. This year, because they could not afford both a cantor and a badly needed new organ* they decided to buy the organ. But during choir practice recently, temple trustees were struck by a soloist who had not only a rich mezzo-soprano, but a sound knowledge of Hebrew language and ritual. Last week they decided that Mrs. Betty Robbins, an attractive, 31-year-old Massapequa housewife, should be their cantor for Rosh Hashanah. With that decision, they swept away 5,000 years of Jewish tradition.

As far as anyone knows, Mrs. Robbins,



CANTOR ROBBINS

A separate nation grows within.

the wife of a New York City health inspector and the mother of four children, is the first woman cantor in Jewish history. An intensive search into Jewish law turned up nothing that could bar her appointment, but the whole weight of Jewish custom was against it. Although women are movingly praised in Jewish scripture, they have always occupied an inferior position in the Jewish religious structure as "a nation unto themselves."

Born in Cavalla, Greece, of Russian parents, Mrs. Robbins moved with her family to Danzig in 1928 when she was only five; soon became the only girl in the all-boy choir at the synagogue there. Although she took no formal music training, she loved to listen to the cantor, sing, learned all the principal chants by heart.

In the winter of 1930 the German SS

* Many Orthodox communities have only the cantor's organ. But congregations and Reform and Conservative often add choruses, and an organ, too.

set fire to the Danzig synagogue during a service. Young Betty escaped, later fled with her parents to Australia, where she continued her Hebrew studies. There she also met her future husband, then a corporal in the U.S. Medical Corps.

"If a woman is capable of doing cantorial work," says Mrs. Robbins, "she shouldn't be barred just because she's a woman. You must be able to understand what and why you're singing. I sing what is in my heart. My only thought now is to sing as I have never sung before."

Words & Works

Increasing automation, leading to a shorter work week, may force churches to shift their major weekly services from Sunday to Thursday night by 1970, the Rev. Irving R. Murray, a Unitarian, told a Congregational audience in Lexington, Mass. "It is, indeed, arrogant of churches to assume they have the right to impose the village, agricultural type of Sabbath of ancient times upon modern, urban, industrial people. Intelligent churchmen will begin today to prepare for tomorrow's three-day weekend."

The *Christian Century* showed itself unimpressed by Americans who dusted off their Bibles or boosted Bible sales as the result of a Bible-quoting grandmother's successful appearance on TV's quiz show, *The \$64,000 Question* (TIME, July 25). "If a lipstick manufacturer thinks it worth \$12,000 to be told the names of eight of the twelve disciples, or that Alphaeus was the father of James the Less—well, that's all right for a quiz program," said the *Century*. "But it does not represent the sort of 'knowing the Bible' which has any deep religious significance. All it means is that people like to play games. The Bible is not a game."

The U.S. will have 70,000 new churches and synagogues costing \$6 billion in the next ten years, predicted New York's Dr. C. Harry Atkinson of the National Council of Churches. In the same decade, he said, 12,500 other church buildings will be built at a cost of more than a billion dollars.

Biblical statements about heaven and hell should not be taken too seriously because they may express only "opinions current at the various dates of their utterance," Canon J. S. Bezzant, dean of St. John's College, Cambridge, told the annual Conference of Modern Churchmen at Oxford. "The waking nightmares which produced the hideous pictures of hell . . . can only now be regarded as having issued from diseased minds . . . On the other hand, much of the traditional imagery descriptive of heaven suggests what no one any longer desires. If hell offends, heaven bores. . . ." Canon Bezzant's recommendation to the clergy: "To say little or nothing about . . . how the dead live, or with what body they will hereafter come. These are matters belonging to the other side of death, and there is no more reason to suppose we can imagine them reliably than we have to suppose a caterpillar on a leaf can imagine what it is like to fly in the air."

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SPORT

Safety First

As the biggest sponsor of U.S. auto racing, the American Automobile Association has backed everything from the annual 500-mile Indianapolis Speedway classic to midjet races on 1-mile tracks. Lately, however, the A.A.A.'s top brass has been worried by the sport's mounting cost in human life—more than 170 deaths in the U.S. since 1945. The disaster at Le Mans, France, where 82 were killed by a runaway car (*TIME*, June 20), helped decide the issue. Last week in Washington, President Andrew J. Sordani announced that starting next year the A.A.A. would "no longer be identified" with auto racing.

The sport, explained Sordani, with its emphasis on human endurance and mechanical speed, is "not compatible" with the A.A.A.'s day-to-day program of encouraging highway safety and careful driving. Other A.A.A. officials voiced yet another fear: should a major disaster, like that at Le Mans, occur at an A.A.A.-sponsored race, the organization might be legally liable for vast sums in damages.

The A.A.A.'s withdrawal, while a surprise, struck no death blow to U.S. auto racing. At week's end track promoters, drivers and racing-car owners were already planning to set up a new organization to replace the A.A.A. contest board. Said the Indianapolis Speedway's owner, Anton Hulman Jr.: "I see no reason why [the A.A.A. action] should affect the too."

© Antea the disaster at Le Mans, France, 1955. Italy and Switzerland issued flags on that occasion.

Renaissance Man

In Britain, Cowes Week is to yachtsmen what Ascot is to the horsey set. Last week hundreds of sleek racing craft, white and scarlet sails shining in the sun, gathered on the Medina estuary at Cowes on the Isle of Wight for one of Britain's biggest regattas since King George V went there to sail in 1935. This time, too, there was racing royalty on hand. The sports-loving Duke of Edinburgh left his queen at home, and by helicopter hastened out to the royal yacht *Britannia*, happy to escape temporarily from Buckingham pomp and ceremony. At sundown on each racing day bluebloods and commoners alike thronged Cowes's pubs or gathered on boats to roar out a night of song and story over Scotch and pink gin.

Visiting U.S. yachts sailed away with the major trophies, e.g., the yawl *Carina II*, owned by Richard Nye of Greenwich Conn., won the New York Yacht Club Challenge Cup and the Britannia Cup; the sloop *Maybee VII*, owned by William L. Horton of Los Angeles, won the six-meter class race. Some Cowes oldtimers complained that British yachting's golden days were over. True, all the great sailing dinosaurs like the 100-130-ft. transatlantic "J-Boats" of the Liptons and the Sopwiths had been killed by war and taxes. But postwar Britain has more than recouped in numbers what it lost in splendor. Its yacht squadrons have trebled since 1939, with smaller classes ranging from 12-ft. "Firefly" dinghies to 20-ft. International Dragon sloops. More than

600 clubs now belong to the Royal Yachting Association. As in the U.S., sailing in Britain has undergone a middle-class renaissance.

A Touch of Blackbeard. Conspicuously present at Cowes last week was the renaissance's principal architect: salty, roistering Uffa Fox, 57, one of the world's top yacht designers, boom companion and helmsman to the Duke of Edinburgh. He and Prince Philip fared no better than second, successively sailing in Uffa's 20-ton sloop *Fresh Breeze*, the Duke's Fox-designed *Coweslip*, and his slim Dragon-class sloop *Bluebottle*. But they had a fine time anyway. At his home, a converted waterfront warehouse, Uffa presided over the nightly after-dinner festivities that lasted until dawn. At a dinner for the Imperial Poona Yacht Club, he donned a pith helmet and led his cronies in spoon-hammering sea chanteys. Said one Cowes pubkeeper: "There's pirate-round Cowes at regatta time, and Uffa's the worst of the lot."

Lusty Uffa Fox certainly has a touch of Kidd and Blackbeard about him—at least in the eyes of landlubbers, whom he has shocked all his life. Uffa got into boats the hard way—as a 14-year-old Cowes shipbuilder's apprentice. After a World War I stint in the Royal Naval Air Service, he bagged a berth aboard *Typhoon*, a 45-ft. auxiliary ketch owned by two Manhattan yachting writers who had just crossed the Atlantic in 22 days. The return trip to the U.S. took three hungry storm-ridden months. Undaunted, Uffa worked his way back to England again, started making his mark as a builder and sailor of yachts.

Although he tried his hand at ocean-going yachts, notably his own *Vigilant* (1930), Fox's best designs were sailing dinghies and small, trim sloops. In 1928 he designed the *Avengeur*, an "International Fourteen" dinghy with a planing hull that made it a sure winner before the wind. In 37 starts, *Avengeur* collected 52 firsts, two seconds and three thirds.

Mad, Of Course. Away from boats and drawing board, Uffa Fox pounded out a series of brisk, popular how-to-do-it books on sailing that immensely boosted the sport's popularity. For all his success, Uffa's carefree bookkeeping and happy-go-lucky pub-crawling soon separated him from both wife and boatyard. In World War II, though, he became the Air Ministry's darling when he conjured up a parachuting, self-righting, self-bailing life raft for airmen downed at sea. He demonstrated its effectiveness one midwinter day by stripping before startled British brass and leaping into the icy Solent to board his raft.

After the war, with the growing demand for a sleek, easily handled racing yacht, Uffa Fox came into his own. He designed the "Flying Fifteen," a slim 15-ft.-keel sloop carrying 155 sq. ft. of sail, with a planing hull. By 1948 the Flying Fifteens were the rage among racers (including Prince Philip), became a standard feature at Cowes. With more than 2,000 Fox-designed yachts afloat throughout the



DESIGNER FOX (CENTER) & PRINCE PHILIP RACING IN "BLUEBOTTLE"

There's pirates at regatta time.



The workman is installing the Model HR Horizontal Remotaire housed in a handsome steel jacket. All models can also be completely concealed with only the intake and outlet grilles exposed.

How American-Standard puts an air conditioner out of sight

Up . . . clear up to the ceiling and out of the way, new American-Standard Horizontal Remotaire Room Conditioners leave floor space free. These new room conditioners heat, cool, filter and recirculate the room air for year 'round comfort.

Compact Horizontal Remotaire units are easy to suspend between rooms, in closets, above false ceilings. Three models solve every installation problem. Four sizes meet every room need in homes, office buildings, motels, hotels and institutions.

A centrally located boiler and chiller supply individual room units with hot water in winter and chilled water in summer. You have a selection of temperature controls to keep each room at the exact temperature that's most comfortable for you.

For more information about "out-of-sight" American-Standard Room Conditioners, boilers and water chillers, write to the Plumbing and Heating Division, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation, P. O. Box 1226, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.



AMERICAN-Standard
WATER HEATING-COOLING SYSTEMS

HOW TO SAW A WOMAN IN HALF

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



In my book the only real sucker is the fellow who believes there's one born every minute.

Barnum didn't believe it either!

You knew the woman wasn't sawed in half. And Barnum *knew* you knew it.

For fifty cents he let you in the tent to figure out how he did it.

Most anybody will pay fifty cents for the fun of being fooled. Some may even pay a dollar. Above that, the pickings get mighty slim.

Mind you, this applies only to show business. It won't work in other businesses even at the nickel level.

Take our specialty, for instance...

Our small family distillery has been making and aging one old-fashioned Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon for over a hundred years.

In that time a thousand brands have come and gone. One after another, the small Kentucky independents, have teamed up with "Big-Liquor," or de-hooped their tubs.

Meanwhile, as one of the few remaining independents we've kept our still abubblin'. Why have we survived?

Primarily, because there's no trace of "Barnum" in our bottled! We haven't depended on a new crop of suckers to absorb our limited production.

Our slow, old-fashioned method of distilling is the costliest in the world. And when you put out that kind of money you're not after being fooled.

If you'll inquire around a bit we believe you'll find our customers are tremendously loyal.

They'll tell you OLD FITZGERALD comes closer to fitting their taste than any bourbon they've ever tried. It's this "survival-of-the-fittest" flavor that has preserved our independence through more than a century.

We invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have discovered the authentic character of our OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Banded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

world (but few in the U.S.). Uffa has no trouble keeping up his credit at the pubs of Cowes. When the weather prohibits sailing, he rides Frantic, his mare, around the Isle of Wight. Last year he fell off, broke an ankle. He promptly ordered up a sedan chair and set out daily to tour the pubs like a Roman emperor, borne by two sturdy porters and accompanied by an umbrella-toting neighbor. Uffa's friends and professional competitors tend to agree with one Cowes oldtimer: "Uffa's a fine chap—a genius, none better—but, of course, he's mad."

Atomic Golf Balls

In one of his gloomier moments Poet T. S. Eliot predicted that Western civilization's sole enduring monuments would be "the asphalt road and a thousand lost golf balls." Not if Bart Leiper of Gatlinburg, Tenn. has his way. Leiper, a drummer for the local Chamber of Commerce, needed a gimmick to promote the opening of Gatlinburg's new Pigeon Forge golf course and hit on a surefire teaser: atomic golf balls. At nearby Oak Ridge he persuaded scientists to inject three golf balls with pellets of radioactive cobalt 60, happily headed home to Gatlinburg with the fixings. On opening day last week, as Miss Gatlinburg of 1955 posed prettily on the first tee, a blindfolded caddy, totting a borrowed Geiger counter, demonstrated that a radioactive golf ball could be found no matter how deep the grass or how dense the bushes off the fairway. For all Booster Leiper's pride, however, the atomic golf ball was still only an experiment. Even if the Atomic Energy Commission approved their manufacture, radioactive golf balls would cost \$20 to \$35 apiece, too expensive for any but the best-heeled Wastelanders.

The Sluggers

The memory of Babe Ruth's great 1927 hitting spree of 60 home runs has haunted every major league season since then. Last week three National Leaguers—two oldsters and a comparative rookie—were hitting in a way that made amateur statisticians wonder how close they would come to Ruth's record.* Brooklyn's reliable Duke Snider, batting .315, blasted out three homers last week to keep himself on top with 38, just two ahead of Cincinnati First Baseman Ted Kluszewski, last year's home-run king.

But the most remarkable performance was put on by Newcomer Ernie Banks, the Chicago Cubs' young (24), Dallas-bred Negro shortstop, who in his second major-league season was running neck and neck with his elders. The record so far: a .296 average, 89 runs batted in, 37 home runs. At Chicago's Wrigley Field, gangling (6 ft., 1 in.) Right-hander Ernie Banks drilled out six homers last week alone.

Brought up from the Negro League's Kansas City Monarchs, Ernie hit .275

* The Babe's overall major league record: 714 homers, including 40 or more a year for eleven years, a batting average of better than .370 for six years, topped by his .393 in 1923.



CHICAGO'S BANKS

There's nothing wrong with a homer.

(including 19 homers) as a rookie last year, batted in 79 runs. Weighing only 170 lbs., he depends on timing and strong wrist action to lift the ball. Said Cub Manager Stan Hack last week: "That boy's got no nerves. He's a real quiet, modest guy. After he hits a homer, he comes back to the dugout as if he done something wrong."

Scoreboard

¶ The third-place New York Giants jettisoned one of their once-great pitchers. Sal ("The Barber") Maglie, who failed to complete a game since June. Minus his old touch (95 wins, 42 losses), which helped take the Giants to two World Series (1951, '54), The Barber was sold to Cleveland for \$10,000, was blasted for five runs in the first two innings of his first game for the Indians.

¶ At Goshen, N.Y., in harness racing's Kentucky Derby, Scott Frost, a three-year-old California bay colt, took the \$85,000 Hambletonian. Time for final heat: 2 min. 3/5 sec., only 3/5 sec. slower than the record set by the winner's sire, Hoot Mon, in 1947.

¶ Aging (34) onetime Heavyweight Boxing Champ Ezzard Charles suffered the final indignity of losing a ten-round fight to dancing Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson, who shuffled, jumped and jabbed his way to a unanimous decision. Explained Loser Charles: "I loafed."

¶ As the Davis Cup challenge round drew near (Aug. 26-28), the U.S. tennis team suffered what might be a crippling blow: 24-year-old Tony Trabert, French and Wimbledon champion, was out of action with a pulled shoulder muscle. Unless he recovers, his two erratic teammates, Vic Seixas and Hamilton Richardson, will have difficulty hanging on to the hard-won trophy. Both men were beaten in the Eastern Grass Court Championship tournament at South Orange, N.J.



Magnificent Possession for traveling moderns

THIS is an automobile for those of lively spirit and uncommon good sense.

This is an automobile named by its action, famed for its superb ride, and a veritable find in the fine-car field.

For this, you see, is ROADMASTER—custom-built boss car of the most successful line of Buicks in all history.

It is this very fact that makes ROADMASTER more and more the choice of people who prize worth above pretension—and it's easy to see why.

As the cream of a full line of Buicks that have moved into the top circle of America's best sellers, this master Buick *begins* with the many advantages that have won such huge success—and continues to its own pinnacle.

So you find that the Buick ride of all-coil-springing and torque-tube stability is here brought to its peak of buoyant levelness and swerve-free stability.

You find styling uniquely distinguished and distinctive. You find interiors custom appointed. You find comfort truly supreme—even to the rarity of double-depth foam rubber in the seat cushions.

But above all, here you find performance to quicken the pulse of even sports-car enthusiasts.

For here, of course, is the lift and life of Buick's mightiest V8 engine that can pour out, on toe-touch demand, 236 horsepower in a silken, silent sweep.

And here, of course, is the most modern transmission yet engineered—Variable Pitch Dynalloy—to bring you such thrills as you've never known before in any earth-bound vehicle.

We suggest you see your Buick dealer this week for a ROADMASTER demonstration. It's a magnificent experience in travel luxury—and rewarding proof that a fine car can be priced without penalty.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

ROADMASTER
Custom Built by Buick

Here's a proved formula for



Like all growth companies, Rayonier looks for new opportunity. But we reject the trend of investing for quick profits, liquidations, tax write-offs.

Instead, we look for opportunity where our ability and experience, backed by advanced chemistry and forest resources, can make the same kind of strong, lasting contributions that earned our success in cellulose chemistry.

Thus supported by a money-making formula, Rayonier entered a new field, the oil industry, with Rayflo—a successful drilling mud dispersant. However, this product is compatible with our operations.

And it was this kind of thinking that led us recently to acquire control of Alaska Pine & Cellulose Limited, a going forest products company producing chemical cellulose, paper-making pulps and lumber in British Columbia.



cellulose chemistry

making money

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AGENDA

1. Expanding research and development.
2. New quality celluloses to meet future requirements.
3. Increased cellulose production capacity.
4. Acquisition of Alaska Pine & Cellulose Limited.
5. Newly developed silvichemicals.



The woman in the green dress is the actress, Marjorie Lane, New York.

Rayonier's Canadian investment is another opportunity for cellulose chemistry and silvichemistry, fields we understand.

We plan to participate in Canada's big industrial future. And in Canada chemical cellulose and silvichemical production can be economically expanded to meet the growing world demand for tire cord, synthetic fibers, plastics and silvichemicals—some 500 consumer products.

Too, Alaska Pine's replenishable woodlands provide a base for further expansion in British Columbia as does its skilled labor force.

Thus by avoiding fields alien to our experience and operations, and by seeking those we can best serve, Rayonier again observes its formula for continued successful growth.

RAYONIER
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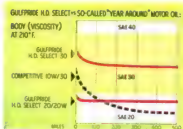


Get the new oil that **won't break down** even in the hardest hot-day driving

This completely new motor oil controls carbon—and it stands up because it has "natural" viscosity. Contains no artificial thickeners that break down in service.

New Gulfpride H.D. Select—the *only* motor oil super-refined by Gulf's exclusive Alchlor Process for high-compression engines—is available in 3 grades to let you follow your car manufacturer's recommendation for each season. You get the finest protection, the lowest oil consumption—in every season.

- **Controls carbon**—cause of knock, pre-ignition, valve failure and loss of power in high-compression engines.
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See how Gulfpride H.D. Select holds its "body" (viscosity) under engine heat and pressure. This new oil contains no artificial thickeners that break down in service in your engine. But note how quickly a typical multi-viscosity 10W-30 oil starts to lose its body.



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New Gulfpride H.D. Select

Now—for the ultimate in working octane performance and engine protection, always use Gulf's super-refined gas-oil team . . . new Gulf NO-NOX Gasoline . . . New Gulfpride H.D. Select Motor Oil.

RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Like a summer bride, television last week decked itself in something old, something new and something borrowed. There was even something blue (see below).

The old item was Shakespeare's dependable *Julius Caesar*, done for the third time in six years by CBS's *Studio One*. Quite a lot was wrong with this production: Brutus (Philip Bourneuf) was too short, Cassius (Shepperd Strudwick) too wholesome, Mark Antony (Alfred Ryder) too boyish. Yet for all its imbalance, it was entertaining. Producer Alex March, faced with the insuperable job of cramming the 2½-hour play into the allotted 54 minutes, used a single set, concentrated on close-ups, and apparently aimed at the style of the recitative. Speeches were delivered with ringing clarity, and Shakespeare's vivid imagery made up for the TV version's many lacks. Theodore Bikel's fat Caesar was rich in pomposity and human infirmity. A nice scene showed him eagerly cupping his deaf ear to catch each glowing word of flattery from the conspirator luring him to his death.

Newness was supplied by *It's Magic* (Sun, 7 p.m., CBS), a show certain to wow children and win more than indulgent approval from their parents. Headed by Paul Tripp, who created the excellent *Mr. I, Magination* in 1949, *It's Magic* devotes a swift-paced half hour to the Black Arts. Gali Gali, a sleight-of-hand Egyptian, displayed a witty routine involving empty eggcups and a small barnyard of baby chicks; three attractively inept dancers with the help of a black

backdrop and black-garbed assistants suavely defied gravity; Dominique, a French pickpocket, took a spectator's shirt from his back without his knowing it.

The borrowing was on *Climax!*, whose *One Night Stand* was a derivative howl from the hot jazz nights of the 1930s. Obeying the Musician's Law in dramatic writing (as immutable as the Newsman's Law, which requires a press card in every hat), the story was, of course, a tear-jerker: a talented jazz pianist discovers that he has tuberculosis but wants to die beating out his rhythms in cellar joints instead of getting cured in a nice, clean sanatorium. The novelty lay in the fact that Bob Crosby and his Bobcats not only played their instruments but also tried to be players. What was gained in verisimilitude was lost in the wooden-Indian school of acting: Crosby, in particular, delivered each line with a granite impassivity that Ed Sullivan might have envied. John Forsythe agonized as the dying piano player, and Actor Donald Buka gave the show a fine shot in the arm as a real gone musician who seemed right in the Bix Beiderbecke tradition.

The week's most effective show was straight from real life: an interview with Pablo Casals, the world's greatest cellist. In Prades, France, where Casals has lived in self-imposed exile from Franco Spain since the end of the civil war, the 73-year-old artist played two selections on the cello for another in NBC's *Wise Men* series. The fascinating part of the film, produced by Robert Graff, was the man rather than the musician. Out of the conversation, Casals' personality rose clearly, buttressed by the serenity of a man who lives by his convictions.

Beddy-Bye

Americans are said to be lonely people, and they are loneliest of all in the late watches of the night—when the inebriate becomes sentimental, the salesman paces his hotel room, the insomniac looks through his medicine cabinet. Radio fills the lonely time with all-night music, but television has moved more uncertainly. It has the brash irrelevancies of Steve Allen, the late late movies, the fast-talking pitchman promising a better, lanolin-coated world for \$1 down and \$1 a week.

To cut itself a bigger slice of this audience, Manhattan's WRCA-TV, flagship of the NBC network, moved right into the hoochier last week with a silted five-minute sign-off spot called *Comet Sheep* (weekdays, 1 a.m.). Its star is Nancy Berg, a 24-year-old, Wisconsin-born model, who floats onscreen in filmy lace, stretches her bare arms, yawns delicately, glances teasingly out of her cathode bedroom, pops into bed and out again for a moment's play with her French poodle. When she finally cuddles, beneath the covers, the camera moves in for a gulping close-up. Nancy murmurs "good night" but makes it sound like an invitation marked R.S.V.P. Her eyes close, her lips



MODEL BERG
Short shift.

Fred Hermansky

part gently and she drifts off to slumberland to fadeout music and a cartoon of fence-jumping sheep.

Miss Berg, who wants to be an actress ("Of course, I don't consider that I act on this show—I'm being myself, which is harder than acting"), earns \$150 for each five-minute performance, will get \$500 when she gets a sponsor. In her opening week, she wore a different full-length nightgown for each show, but now she feels comfortably at home, henceforth will skip about in scanties.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Aug. 10. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Cartoon versions of tales by Aesop, La Fontaine, Andersen and the Brothers Grimm.

Taxaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). With Jimmy Durante.

Cameo Theater (Sun. 10 p.m., NBC). Joseph Schildkraut in *The Man from the South*.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Secret*, with Hildy Parks, John Baragrey.

RADIO

Conversation (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). A repeat broadcast of "Science Fiction." Discussed by Aldous Huxley, Marc Connelly, Clifton Fadiman.

Age of the Atom (Mon. 10:15 p.m., CBS). Documentary on the peaceful use of atomic energy.

Hollywood Bowl Concerts (Mon. 10:20 p.m., NBC). Conducted by Eduard van Beinum.

New England, a Regional Survey (Tues. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Documentary on "Money in New England."



ACTORS STRUDWICK & BOURNEUF
Short shift.

SCIENCE



FIRST A-BOMB BLAST AT ALAMOGORDO, N. MEX., JULY 1945. USHERS IN ATOMIC AGE

The Philosophers' Stone

(See Cover)

One day in 1928 at a boarding house near the University of California at Berkeley, a strapping, reddish-haired sophomore named Willard Frank Libby met two graduate students. Their talk about chemical research was so exciting that Libby forgot his yearning to be a mining engineer and switched to chemistry. Because of that chance meeting, Willard Libby, 39, sat in Geneva's stately Palace of Nations this week as the ranking U.S. scientist and the chief U.S. spokesman at man's first international effort to release the unplumbed benefits of peaceful atomic energy.

It is an appropriate setting for Scientist Libby. As a nuclear scientist on the U.S.

Atomic Energy Commission, he is the man who unwrapped the stark facts about nuclear war. A "thermonuclear weapon" of the type that was exploded by the U.S. in the Pacific last year, said Scientist Libby in his famous "fall-out speech" last June, can sprinkle death-dealing radioactive dust over an area of 100,000 square miles. "An area so large," he added dryly, "that evacuation may be a bit impractical. As the AEC's vice president in charge of atoms for peace," Libby is the American responsible for charting the tricky path away from national preoccupation with the destructive atom to international cooperation for harnessing the atom's untold goodness. "We have only begun to scratch the surface," says he. "We can advance in every direction."

Old Story, New Story. The story of the warlike atom is not new—the dark but necessary secrecy, the uncounted billions spent for uncounted numbers of atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, atomic cannon, nuclear submarines and still-secret devices which may exceed them all in power for ruination. Now the story of the peaceful atom has begun to unfold. Some of the benign works of atomic energy already under way.

¶ In medicine, it can cure some kinds of cancer and promises to cure others.

¶ In agriculture, it can produce better plant varieties, kill grain insects.

¶ In industry, it speeds up chemical processes, measures the thickness of speeding sheets of paper or steel, forms better plastics and rubber, measures tobacco in cigarettes and traces the flow of oil in pipelines.

¶ In laboratories, radioactive tracers have revolutionized research techniques, make it possible to follow the delicate chemical reactions within single living cells.

¶ In power production, potentially the most promising avenue of all, current-producing reactors are already running in the U.S., Britain and Russia. At West Mil-

ton, N.Y., a reactor is feeding the first power—a token amount—into commercial use. The day is not distant when atomic power will be cheap enough and abundant enough to heat whole cities.

Beakers of Death. It is to measure this beginning and explore the vast promise beyond that the unprecedented Geneva conference convened this week. In a marble palace where only days before the world's political leaders had floated the hope of a calmer, friendlier world, the world's scientific leaders contemplated the means to make it a better world as well.

Convened by the United Nations as an outgrowth of President Eisenhower's dra-

ALAN B. BROWN/REUTERS



RADIATION DETECTORS, tracing boron injected into patient, help locate brain tumor at Massachusetts General Hospital.



matic atoms-for-peace proposal of 1953, the International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy has brought together 1,200 scientists from 72 nations, collected for all to see and hear just about everything mankind knows about non-military aspects of nuclear energy.

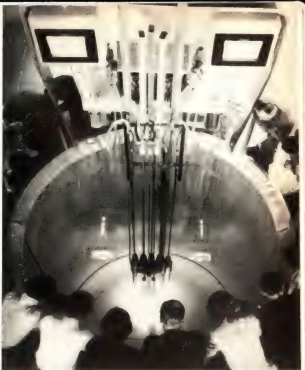
There are mathematicians and theoretical physicists who think in strange abstractions, practical physicists who deal in billions of volts of energy and hundred-millionths of seconds, chemists who juggle leakers of death-dealing radiation, engineers who work to microscopic tolerances in strange new metals, biologists who use the atom in delicate life experiments, physicians who enlist the atom as a strong new ally against disease and death.

There are hundreds of unofficial delegates who came to watch and listen—farsighted industrialists who see an enormous business potential and want to get in on the ground floor, financiers who smell big money, 500 journalists, swarms of plain tourists. They packed Geneva to the alleys, forced even some official delegates to live outside the city (e.g., some U.S. delegates are sleeping 20 miles away across the Swiss border in France). There are Indians and Czechs, Japanese and Hollanders, Pakistani and Liechtensteins. The Russians arrived in force with 30 chain-smoking technicians to set up their exhibits and 120 other members in their delegation. The British, highly skilled in atomics, flooded down from London. Besides U.S. Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss and four other chief delegates (Dr. Libby, Nobel Prize-winner I. I. Rabi of Columbia, Detlev Bronk, president of the National Academy of Sciences, and Dr. Shields Warren, director of the Cancer Research Institute at the New England Deaconess Hospital), the U.S. sent a Government delegation

of 110 scientists and technicians, plus an unofficial drove of scientists—businessmen and industrialists.

Treasure Trove. Almost from the day the atom was split and its energy harnessed, scientists around the world have been longing for such an opportunity to climb over national fences to talk, teach, speculate and dream about the atom's future. By the end of World War II, they knew that they had found a treasure of incredible value. They stood like the openmouthed shepherd boys in an ancient tale who stumbled on the entrance of a cave heaped high with jewels. The deeper they looked the more treasure they saw—and the cave went on forever. What the scientists had found, they told one another with growing excitement, was the modern counterpart of the Philosopher's Stone, which medieval alchemists searched for in vain as the tool to transmute gold from base metals. The atom has turned the medieval dream into 20th century reality. Modern atomic science can actually transmute metals—plutonium is a transmuted metal, and gold could be made from other elements if it were worth the expense and effort.

During the ten years of the cold war and atomic arms stockpiling, the knowledge grew, but it grew in compartments, with each group of scientists forced to parallel the work of colleagues in other nations. New information was seldom released,



"SWIMMING-POOL" REACTOR, in U.S. exhibit at Geneva, lets visitors watch radiation action of a working reactor while protected by shield formed by water.

even if it had little to do with weapons. It remained, for instance, impossible for "uncleared" persons of any nationality to design an efficient nuclear reactor.

Change of Climate. The secrecy and restrictions began to fade, however, on the day in December 1953 when President Eisenhower stood before the General Assembly of the United Nations and said:

"The United States would seek more than the mere reduction or elimination of atomic materials for military purposes. It is not enough to take this weapon out of the hands of the soldiers. It must be put into the hands of those who will know how to strip it of its military casing and adapt it to the arts of peace. The United States knows that if the fearful trend of atomic military buildup can be reversed, this greatest of destructive forces can be developed into a great boon for the benefit of all mankind."

Eisenhower proposed an international body to share atomic materials and knowledge. The project inched ahead only slowly; from Moscow came no encouragement. Then in December 1954, the U.N.'s General Assembly voted unanimously to hold a technical conference under U.N. auspices "to explore means of developing the peaceful uses of atomic energy through international cooperation," and this time the Russians agreed to cooperate. Geneva was the result.

Though no specific promises were made, the world's scientists and atom-minded industrialists sensed from the beginning

FIRST COMMERCIAL POWER was supplied at West Milton, N.Y., by G.E.'s prototype submarine reactor, housed in this protective steel sphere.



that the conference would be a general freeing of information. "It will be a declassification fair," said a highly placed U.S. official. To 84 nations went invitations to send papers and exhibits dealing with atoms for peace. An American, Professor Walter Whitman of M.I.T., and a Russian, Viktor Vavilov, headed the spadework job of screening the material. They got along fine together; there were plenty of arguments, says Whitman, but they were based on scientific, not nationalistic, differences.

As the papers streamed in, they got scientifically more exciting. Far from concealing information, the nations were competing with one another to tell what they have accomplished in peaceful atomics. When Dr. Whitman began his work, he confesses now, he feared that the conference would be a dull formality, but soon he became sure that it would be a success. In country after country, the delegations were made up of top men. The U.S. team includes such important scientists as Walter Zinn, Hans Bethe. Official historian for the U.S. is Laura Fermi, wife of the late Enrico Fermi, who put in operation the world's first nuclear chain reaction.

Peaceful Atom-Man. The top scientist and chief planner for the U.S. group, diligent, quiet Willard Libby, is just the sort of man to command the respect of such distinguished scientific company. He is a famed scientist, not merely a scientific administrator or politician.

The son of a Colorado farmer who moved his family to a California fruit ranch in 1913, Libby went to the Sebastopol (Calif.) high school, where he played tackle on the football team before going on to the University of California. To pay his way, he worked summers on a fruit ranch, nailing boxes together at 1¢ a box. Libby, a strapping 6 ft. 2½ in., nailed enough of them to earn as much as \$100 a week. "It was good money," he says, "if you could stand the pressure."

Pressure never bothered Willard Libby. The University of California was an exciting place in the '30s, with new atomic theory and discoveries tumbling off the line as fast as fruit boxes. After his switch from mining engineering to chemistry, Libby quickly got his B.A., his M.A., his Ph.D., and stayed on as an instructor. But his interest was always research, not teaching. In his laboratory experiments in radioactive chemistry, he became one of the first to realize that atomic techniques had abolished the traditional distinction between chemistry and physics. Because of his daring, energetic research methods, he acquired, and still wears, the sobriquet "Wild Bill."

Clean Shirts. In 1940 Libby married Leonor Hickey, a young teacher of physical education who first heard about Libby from a friend's maid ("He's not terribly exciting," said the maid, "but he always wears clean shirts"), and still regards him as a goodhearted country boy who wears unsophisticated clothes. "He thinks he's a wonderful bridge player," confides Mrs. Libby, "but he's really lousy."

Libby got a Guggenheim Fellowship and moved to Princeton, but a few months later the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and he offered his services to Nobel Prize-winner Harold Urey. Urey arranged for Libby's transfer to Columbia University, and he plunged into the historic Manhattan (atom bomb) Project, working through the war with great effect on the key problem of separating the isotopes of uranium. Not until news of the Hiroshima bomb came out did Libby mention his work at home. On that day he came home with a tall stack of newspapers and said triumphantly: "This is what I've been doing."

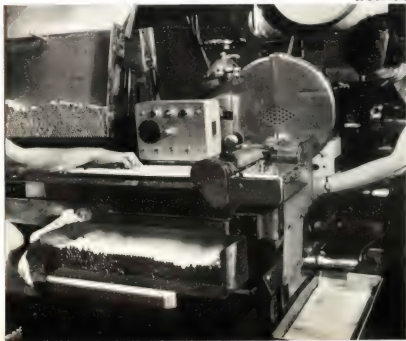
Libby did not stay with the atom bomb after the war—not because he was opposed to working on weapons, but because, like many other scientists, he wanted to get back to independent research. He was taken on by the newly formed Institute of



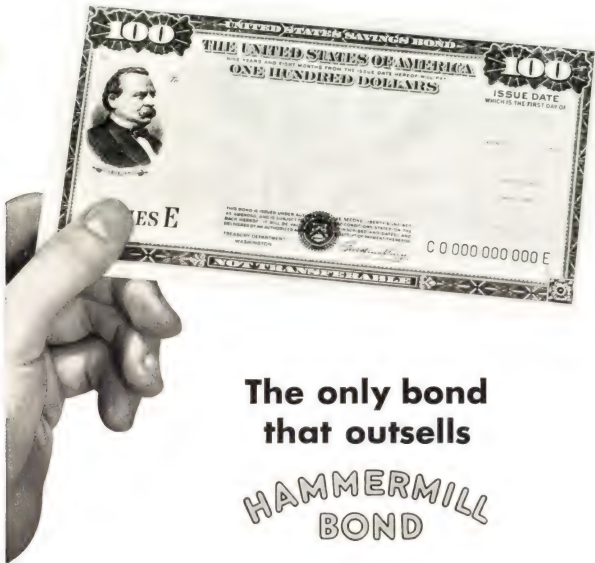
SOVIET MEDICINE uses cobalt 60 "bomb," similar to those in West, to bombard cancerous tissue with gamma rays.

Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago, where he became fascinated by the faint natural radioactivity that pervades the atmosphere. A significant part of this activity comes from carbon 14, an unstable carbon isotope formed when cosmic rays hit nitrogen high in the atmosphere. It was hard to detect with the instruments that existed then, but Libby charged at the problem with his peculiar combination of creative abandon and meticulous care, and soon plucked a great prize. Since carbon 14 is mixed in the atmosphere, it is taken up by living plants, supplying a small part of the carbon in all living organisms. Its half-life is about 5,000 years, i.e., half its atoms disintegrate in that time. So when a plant or animal dies and ceases to take up fresh carbon 14, the radioactivity of its substance should decline with the passage of time. If the decline can be measured accurately, it will tell the age of the carbon-bearing object, whether it is an Egyptian mummy or an Ice-Age peat bed.

Libby and a group of devoted associates worked for three years to perfect an "atomic calendar," ultimately achieved an accurate method of measuring the past with carbon 14. Refined and put into worldwide use, the method has strongly affected sciences as far apart as archaeology, geology and climatology. Once a New York newspaper misconstrued some remarks in a Libby speech to mean that he had accidentally come across the carbon 14 discovery, came out next day with a story headlined, SCIENTIST STUMBLES ON NEW METHOD. Back in the Chicago lab,



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SCIENTIST LIBBY IN HIS LABORATORY
On the threshold of a great breakthrough.

Libby's assistants hit the ceiling, but regained their good humor and hung a plaque saying: "On this spot W. F. Libby, 40, stumbled (for three years) on the carbon 14 dating method."

Age of Bison. Libby is a solemn, slow-spoken and serious man, and in his office at the AEC he seems weighed down, even a little awed, by the burdens of his position, where a single slip of the tongue may betray a national secret. But when carbon 14 is mentioned, he lights up like a Roman candle. He remembers with special pleasure his dealings with the archaeologists. "They are all as poor as church mice," he says, "but such enthusiasm!" They brought him unimpressive things—fragments of charcoal from ancient hearths, or bones of extinct bison—and when he measured the age of the objects, the archaeologists made him feel that he had done something priceless and wonderful for them.

Libby entered the inner circle of the AEC in 1950, when Chairman Gordon Dean appointed him to the General Advisory Committee. From his inside vantage point he could watch and play a role in the measured march of the nuclear weapons: first the A-bomb; then better A-bombs; then the Russian A-bomb; then the H-bomb; then the Russian H-bomb; then the fission-fusion-fission bomb. Libby saw why AEC Commissioners were rarely lighthearted and gay. Then in 1954 he became a commissioner himself by appointment of President Eisenhower on the recommendation of AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss. When he moved to Washington with Leonor and their ten-year-old twin daughters, Libby brought along a truckload of scientific apparatus and set up a laboratory in the Carnegie Institution, where he works furiously on personal projects (his current interest: amino acids) whenever his work on the commission gives a moment of respite. "Science is like

art," Libby explains. "You have to work at it or you go stale fast."

Inconceivable War. Libby's politics, on the rare occasions when he shows them, are stoutly conservative, and he is known to disagree with the highly vocal school of nuclear scientists (e.g., Chicago's Harold Urey) which insists that the only guarantees against nuclear war are political projects, such as world government. On atomic policy he has shown strong opinions, stood as one of the minority of atomic scientists who sided with Edward Teller and other advocates of the H-bomb "crash program" in opposition to the group headed by J. Robert Oppenheimer.

While shunning broad political philosophies about atomic policy, Libby, according to things he has told some intimates, has worked his way around to a philosophy anyway. The philosophy in a nutshell: bigger bombs and more bombs. As bigger and bigger ones have become a reality, Libby has come to the conclusion that their very bigness may be the principal protection against an outburst of nuclear war. "Let's build them as big as we can," he has in effect told his friends, "and build all we can. Then war will become inconceivable."

Scientist Libby for all his years at work inside the secrets of atomic energy, has never seen an atomic explosion, and does not want to. His main concern has long been not the atomic boom, but the atomic boom. It was because of his interest in the peaceful atom that he fell so naturally into his key role at Geneva's revolutionary conclave.

Indigestible Feast. Packed into twelve days is a program covering some 90 basic topics, more than 400 scientific papers. It is one of those indigestible feasts that only scientists can enjoy. Few of their technical papers will enchant the lay public; even among the scientists they will separate the men from the boys. Some

of the titles alone, e.g., "Remarks About the Milne Problem with Cylindrical Symmetry," are brain strainers. The contents bristle with symbols, charts and jawbreaking terminology the hard stuff of which the Philosophers' Stone is made.

High Proficiency. According to Whitman, the scientific interest of the material is above all expectation. The U.S. has told a surprising lot. An interesting U.S. paper tells how scientists at Oak Ridge wanted to know what would happen if a nuclear reactor should get out of control. They built two, of different kinds, and let them rip. They blew up with clouds of steam, but not with anything like the violence of a true atomic explosion. Russia and Britain have told a lot, too, and the smaller nations have made manifold contributions. When the conference is over, says Whitman, any nation with a high technology, such as West Germany, will know enough to build an efficient power reactor. "The Russian papers are good," said one U.S. scientist. "The Russians are well abreast of reactor developments, and in some cases they have tried a few tricks of their own." Said another man: "U.S. scientists sorting through these papers have actually sent a few whistles up and down AEC corridors."

Probably the papers most useful to the scientists will be of no public interest at all. They will be minute details about obscure matters. One British paper, for instance, tells about the troublesome chemistry of ruthenium, a rare element that had almost no importance before atomic science was born. But it is a fission product formed in nuclear reactors, and it has to be dealt with during the purification of reactor fuels. The information in the U.S. paper probably represents hundreds of man-years of scientific labor. At the least, it will save that amount of effort for nations that have not yet gotten that far with the atom. Another example is "cross-sections," the term that nuclear physicists use to describe how strongly an element absorbs neutrons of different energies. Cross sections are difficult to measure, and there are thousands of them. The U.S. has been lavish with cross-section figures and curves. Russia's Vavilov has confided that they will help his country enormously in its peaceful atom work.

Atomic Fair. Besides its main function as an exchange post of information, the Geneva Conference is an impressive "atomic fair"—the first that the world has seen. Many of the great, marble-crusted spaces in the Palace of Nations are crowded with the exhibits of the participating governments. They range from tiny instruments to large-scale models of reactors, all the weird and wonderful trappings of the atomic age. Most are eerily silent, with no whining of gears or throb of engines; atomic energy is a quiet business, and radioactivity is, of course, both invisible and silent.

The French erected a scale model of their "Atomic City" at Marcoule. Britain exhibited models of two heavy-water reactors and photographs of its Calder Hall power reactor, which is nearing completion. The Russians showed a model of

their own rather small (5,000 kw.) power reactor which is in operation, and an exhibit dealing with uranium geology, biology and medicine.

The U.S. exhibit, attended by spotlessly uniformed "men in white" from Oak Ridge, covers the nonmilitary atom in every aspect—"fuel elements," the tricky shapes of uranium that are the hearts of reactors, models that can be worked by pushbuttons, tubes of rare earths and strange metals glittering on the walls.

Main feature of the U.S. exhibit and hit of the show is the "swimming-pool reactor," a working research reactor set up on the lawn outside the palace. It is housed in a building that looks like a large, windowless Swiss chalet. Inside, from a black ceiling, beams of light slant down. On a red linoleum platform stands the reactor, a pool of crystal-clear water, faintly blue and 21 ft. deep, with control rods reaching into it. At the bottom, enveloped in blue luminescence, are the reacting uranium plates. Visitors can look down with perfect safety, and sense the atom's power.

Trade Fair. The atom's potential as a business was not overlooked. In downtown Geneva, private concerns from nine countries staged their own unofficial "Trade Fair" of atomic products. The largest exhibit is from Britain, which is striving to become the world's atomic workshop. Its firms show the flow meters, leak detectors, radiation monitors, flux meters, etc. which are the simple, indispensable tools of the new technology. The French show a replica of a uranium mine entrance. The U.S. exhibit, with contributions mostly from big firms such as General Electric and Union Carbide, suggested the industrial look of tomorrow: privately designed power and research reactors; such strange gadgets as electromagnetic pumps that have no moving parts except a stream of molten sodium pushed through them by magnetism, purified graphite blocks widely used in reactors, silicone resins for high-temperature insulation. Absent from the industrial exhibit: the Soviet Union.

New Future. The assembling of such an array of facts, brains and machines dedicated to a peaceful atomic age was an event to excite the imagination. It suggested to the world, even the poorest, most desperate parts of it, that in the atom lies not just menace but hope, a new start, a new future. Nuclear reactors already promise cheap energy to power-starved countries. "Just ten years from now," predicts one U.S. delegate, "no one will ever consider building a non-nuclear power generating plant." The magic of radio isotopes is already enhancing medicine, industry, agriculture, food storage. No possibility is too small or too big. The atom can ultimately move mountain ranges, drain seas, irrigate entire deserts, transmute poverty into plenty, misery into mercy.

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METAL SCULPTURE: MACHINE-AGE ART

MICHELANGELO complained about noise and marble dust in our profession," says Sculptor David Smith, "but I finish the day looking like a grease monkey." Sculptor Smith's complaint reflects the rise of a new phenomenon in the art world: a flood of wire and metal shapes that is turning many a sculptor's studio into something resembling a blacksmith's shop, where the oxyacetylene torch has replaced the hammer and chisel, a welder's mask the smock.

The result is a bewildering jumble of new forms and shapes—forged, soldered, puddled, riven and wrought—that can look as crude as slag-heap clinkers, as ethereal as tomorrow's TV aerials or as menacing as the latest rocket launcher. But the trademark of the whole metal sculpture school, its practitioners agree, is "openness." Unlike the built-up masses of modeled sculpture or the chiseled-down solids of stone and wood, metal sculpture uses materials that give maximum strength with a maximum sense of space.

"Faceless, Raceless." The sculpture welders have inevitably had to dodge their share of critical brickbats. When Britain's Reg Butler won a \$12,670 prize for his *Unknown Political Prisoner*, a welded, cage-like construction that looked like a cross between a gibbet and a prison guard's lookout tower, an outraged refugee artist seized the first opportunity to pound it into scrap (*TIME*, March 23, 1953). In Los Angeles, Sculptor-Welder Bernard Rosenthal's 14-ft. *American Family*, now decorating the new Police Facilities Building, brought from one city councilman an enraged blast ("A shameless, soulless, faceless, raceless monstrosity"), and from six taxpayers a suit for its removal.

But welded sculpture is also finding new customers. It is cheaper than cast works, and, by its nature, each object is unique. Collectors are now buying it to decorate Texas and Hollywood patios and Manhattan rooftops. Topflight modern architects—Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer, Eero Saarinen, *et al.*—are using it to decorate new library façades, chapels, and new college buildings.

Back to Vulcan. The metal sculpture school has roots as far back as Vulcan. Its immediate antecedent is constructivism, proclaimed by two Russian-born brothers, Naum Gabo (now in the U.S.) and Antoine Pevsner (now in Paris), who in 1920 revolted against cubism: "Depth alone can express space. We reject mass as an element of sculpture . . ." By approaching the problem like engineers, Gabo and Pevsner (*see color page opposite*) turned out metal objects that have the smooth, polished beauty—and the coldness—of a mathematical equation.

A more fiery spirit was the late Spanish-born Julio Gonzalez, son of a Barcelona goldsmith. A tutor to fellow *Barcelonés* Pablo Picasso, Gonzalez hammered out of sheet iron figures in praise of the peasant girls of his native land (*see cut*). Among the first of the Americans was Mobile-Master Alexander Calder, who strung together cut-out metal forms to create a moving, pulsating world of abstract form slowly moving in space.

Up With Scaffolding. Most American metal sculptors now feel that the form is an obvious part of their heritage. The techniques of welding and brazing are taught in high-school shop courses throughout the U.S.; the materials, iron and steel, can be found in any junkyard. The inspiration for



PEASANT GIRL, called *La Montserrat*, is hollow statue made of sheet metal by Spanish Sculptor Julio Gonzalez in 1937.



TWINNED COLUMN is an abstract bronze by metal-welding pioneer Antoine Pevsner.

"HOUND OF HEAVEN" by Theodore Roszak uses tree, animal and bird forms to make jagged 6-ft. symbol of man's quest for self-knowledge.



YAK, made of brazed and welded sheet steel is work of Oregon sculptor, Tom Hardy, who specializes in animal subjects.



GAMECOCK by Emmanuel Viviano uses leaded stained glass to make bird's plumage.



ROOFED SCULPTURE by Herbert Ferber suggests metal garden for penthouse rail.

"FAMILY DECISION" shows arrows of boiler-plate thickness aimed at squirming confusion of welded steel. Work is by

Sculptor David Smith, who got started in a Studebaker assembly plant, turned out his first steel sculpture as early as 1929.



many of the new space concepts is as easy to find: in the confused welter of the modern city-scape with its forest of TV aerials, bridges, air-raid-siren platforms, metal scaffolding and skyscraper girders. In the hands of U.S. sculptor-welders, this new handling of space has resulted in a myriad of styles from a long roster of native talents.

Herbert Ferber, 40, dentist turned sculptor, welds together forms as spiny as cactus and as flowing as underwater foliage. Seymour Lipton, 51, also uses curved and unfolding plant forms to give a sense of enclosed space that, to Sculptor Lipton, suggests a "togetherness . . . of feeling and meaning, of inside and outside, of past and future." Egyptian-born Ibrahim Lassaw, 42, is the mystic among sculptor-welders; his brazed metal rods seem to float in the air like airy skyscraper girders. David Hare, 38, a color photographer turned surrealist, can put together a few jagged pieces of metal and dangling rods that, gilded with gold, suggest a sunrise.

Tanks & Survival. By contrast Chicago-born Emmanuel Viviano, 47, aims more to please than disturb, uses brilliantly stained glass to match the plumage of eagles and gamecocks. Tom Hardy, 33, a onetime sheep rancher in Eugene, Ore., takes his inspiration from animal forms. Theodore Roszak, 38, a wartime aircraft and armored tank designer, turned his back on an industrial design career to study "primitive, simple survival characteristics, for instance, how a plant survives in the U.S. Southwest."

Richard Lippold, 40, an engineer and industrial designer before he took up sculpturing, has a more affirmative motive. Lippold does not hide his love of geometric form ("The fragile snowflake appears in more variations of form than any kind of 'permanent' sculpture"), but his take-off point is the human emotion. His *Primordial Figure* (see cut) is a kind of family totem, with the outline of a wasp-waisted male figure with hands upraised superimposed on a skirted female figure. To critics who complain that his finished work looks more like aerial rigging and radar antennas than sculpture Lippold replies: "Our faith is in space, energy and communications, not in pyramids and cathedrals."

These objects a few decades from now may be back on the junk heap, or they may prove to have been the testing ground for a new way of seeing in an age of electronics, supersonics and atomic power. At the moment they represent a continuing effort to rework the common materials of the age. By using techniques borrowed from airplane factory and auto assembly lines, modern-day sculptors are finding new ways to express man's place, or lack of it, in a fast-changing, highly technical and anxious age.

"MACHINE," made by Britain's Reg Butler, shows man with welded bronze apparatus.

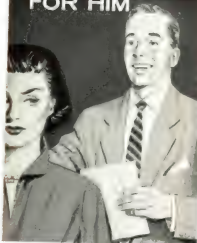


"SUNRISE," by David Hare, is represented by welded rods and cut-out metal.

"PRIMORDIAL FIGURE" is a geometric wire construction by Sculptor Richard Lippold.



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MEDICINE

Honeymooners, Beware

The wrong way to begin a marriage is with a honeymoon. So says British Psychiatrist (and Member of Parliament) Reginald Bennett in *The Practitioner*:

"The honeymoon is an ordeal. More often than not it is a ghastly disappointment, and one whose personal humiliations no excuses . . . can mitigate. All too often the girl, if she had been a good girl, has lacked any semblance of learning in what to expect . . . The naughty girl has gradually learned through experiment. So the wages of sin is serenity and the wages of virtue—shock, plus a married life endangered from the start . . .

"[After] the sheer fatigue of the wedding day [there is] inevitably a long evening or night's traveling to complete the exhaustion. Strange circumstances in a distant hotel; a good deal of alcohol, perhaps, or worse, the hangover from it six hours ago—these all make the [male] as . . . ineffectual as [he] is ever likely to be. In addition, the lore of the honeymoon—the vast repository of awful jokes, none dignified—may be added to the anxiety . . . At best there may be a hopeless, anxious fumbling effort, certain to complete the rout of a tense, frightened, ashamed and embarrassed girl. . . Indeed, it almost seems wonderful that any marriages have ever survived!"

Or, What You Will

What ailed Sir Andrew Aguecheek? Shakespeare made it clear that this improbable character in *Twelfth Night* had emotional problems and intellectual limitations: "I am a fellow of the strangest mind i' the world." Again: "Many do call me fool." But why? Surely not for the reason that Aguecheek himself offered: "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit."

In last week's *Lancet*, London's Dr. William H. J. Summerskill indulged in a tour de force of long-range diagnosis, came to the conclusion that the fool may have been right. Physician Summerskill worked it out this way: Aguecheek was drunk every night. His tipping could easily have caused cirrhosis of the liver. Even Sir Toby Belch, no pathologist but a fellow topsot, suspected this: "For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy." A cirrhotic liver is relatively bloodless.

Modern medicine now goes to the mind of the matter. A cirrhotic liver may fail to filter some nitrogen compounds which the body makes in the process of digesting protein foods such as meat. These compounds so affect the nervous system that a diet rich in protein will play hob with the intellectual power of such a patient.

True, this was not known until recent years. But to Dr. Summerskill that is no obstacle. Shakespeare, he suggests,



PATIENT AGUECHEEK (RIGHT) & CLOWN
What ho! Nitrogenous substances?

was so astute in his medical observations that he could be 350 years ahead of his time with a case report of "chronic dementia in liver disease due to intolerance of nitrogenous substances."

Capsules

¶ Several laboratories are working on the problem of finding a Type I strain of virus that will produce immunity, but with less danger of accidentally causing paralysis than the Mahoney strain now used in the Salk vaccine, reported Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele in the *A.M.A. Journal*. Researchers at Philadelphia Children's Hospital meanwhile disclosed first details of their method for making a preparation that is virtually pure polio virus (TIME, June 20). They use a zinc salt to precipitate the virus, then a centrifuge to separate it from unwanted kidney tissue and chemicals. They concentrate 15 gallons to a teaspoonful, 99% pure. Among many advantages claimed for the method: ease of manufacture, far greater uniformity and safety, much improved accuracy in testing.

¶ After tests on 1,000 people subject to ivy poisoning, the University of Pennsylvania is convinced that a vaccine prepared by Lederle Laboratories is a safe and effective preventive. But since it is not yet known how much vaccine to give, or how often, it will not be available until next year.

¶ Famed New Orleans Surgeon Alton Ochsner joined the ranks (so far filled mainly with crackpots) of those opposed to fluoridation of public water supplies. His concern: though it helps to cut down tooth decay in children, it may—if too concentrated—damage adults' teeth. He did not specify at what point the concentration becomes dangerous.

Polyethylene

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Neighbors were astounded two years ago when Kay Ishibashi and Ben Nishimoto put "sheets" on 12 acres of strawberry beds at their farms near Torrance, Calif. The "sheets" were paper-thin, translucent film, three feet wide.

Puzzled onlookers weren't much wiser when Ishibashi and Nishimoto told them they were looking at the new, resilient, mold-proof, water-proof wonder plastic—polyethylene.

It soon turned out that Ishibashi and Nishimoto knew what they were doing. Like most businessmen today, they were faced with the necessity of cutting costs to balance shrinking profits.

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Eying these results many of Ishibashi's and Nishimoto's neighbors have started using the polyethylene film. One first-year user found his berries brought \$3 a crate on the New York market.

*Poly-Eth is Spencer's symbol for polyethylene.



("Sheets" produced by Extruders Inc., Hawthorne, Calif.)

Now strawberry beds have sheets

Within a half-mile of him is a non-user who got \$1.50 on the same market.

The film which Ishibashi and Nishimoto laid down last year is still in excellent condition, and they have no doubt it will still be good next season.

"We expect it would hold up forever," they commented. "But the plants last only three years."

OTHER REMARKABLE USES. Because of its unique and wonderful properties, polyethylene keeps popping up in all sorts of unexpected places:

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- Chemists sometimes joke about an imaginary acid that eats through anything, but can never be used because it can't be stored or carried. Hydrofluoric acid, that eats through even glass, comes close to being just such an acid. But, as Pharmacist and Ana-

lytical Chemist Harold R. Munro of So. Duxbury, Mass., testifies, an 8-pound, 13-gallon container made of acid-proof Spencer Poly-Eth, solves this nightmare of chemistry.

UNLIMITED SUPPLIES. The U. S. Armed Forces have had top claim on most of the available supply of polyethylene until recently. But civilian restrictions have now been lifted, and private business can get all it wants. For instance, Spencer's new multimillion dollar Poly-Eth plant at Orange, Tex., alone will produce 45,000,000 pounds of polyethylene each year.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

To Catch a Thief (Paramount). Grace Kelly and Cary Grant are sitting in a little runabout at a secluded spot high above the Technicolor Riviera. Radiant, Grace turns to Cary, says: "Do you want a breast or a leg?" Cary locks eyeballs with Grace and after a moment replies: "I'll leave the choice to you." So Grace gives Cary a piece of fried chicken. This is the sort of meal Director Alfred (Rear Window) Hitchcock cooked up for his troupe in the south of France last year. It's a little overdone, but it's still fried chicken—or maybe even just a lark. Those ingenious instants of terror for which Hitchcock is so well known are missing. But there remains the familiar Hitchcock pace and wit, the easy salability of such stars as Kelly and Grant, solid supporting performances by Jessie Royce Landis and John Williams, and lingering views of the Riviera.

As the good guy, Actor Grant never had it so good. He is an American, a reformed jewel thief, known in his day as "The Cat." Now retired, he lives cool and easy on the rocks, puttering about a villa. Then comes trouble. The police suspect that he is responsible for a batch of jewel robberies. To prove his innocence, he must uncover the real villain.

Grace Kelly, naturally, is a wealthy young American woman who finally decides she wants to be The Cat's meow. She performs ably, pouting around and dressing like a billion francs. When it comes to making love, Grace knows how to play kitten on the tease. But the claws come out, elegantly manicured, of course, when Cary pays some attention to a pretty French girl ("You seemed to be conjugating some very irregular verbs

with her"). At the moment when Grace grants Cary that consummation he so devoutly wishes, the camera deferentially turns to the window to watch the Vista-Vision heavens blaze with fireworks, courtesy of the Johnston Office.

The Virgin Queen (20th Century-Fox), straight from Hollywood's well-worn looms, is a plush, wall-to-wall tapestry depicting the rugged court life of late 16th century England. Chewing around the edges is Cinemactress Bette Davis, who, according to the pressagents, was so taken with the script that she scurried out of retirement to play again the role of Queen Elizabeth (her first: *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, with Errol Flynn, 1939).

The picture is fast on swordplay, heavy on overplay and light on screenplay. It begins with Walter Raleigh (Richard Todd), late of the Irish wars, winning an audience with the Queen; he wants to take three ships to the New World, there to work for the greater glory of the "British Empah." But the weary, panamorous Elizabeth, who lost Errol Flynn back in the first film, likes the cut of Raleigh's jib—and his beard too. He is blunt, charming, gay, adventurous, and never forgets to throw his cloak over mud puddles. He accepts the job of captain of the palace guard, i.e., the Queen's pet, in the hope that some day his ships will go out. But before long Raleigh has to fight it out with a couple of courtiers (Robert Douglas and Jay Robinson), who have been intriguing on the Queen's outskirts. He also beds down with a proud beauty named Beth Throgmorton (Joan Collins), and when Elizabeth tries to draw a tight reign on this horseplay, Raleigh boldly kicks up his heels. For this the Queen could hand Sir Walter his head, but by this time she is so encumbered with other worries that she just gives him a ship and his lady, and tells them to get the hell out of town. Fadeout: Raleigh, his arm around Beth, sets sail for America to get his face on a million tobacco cans; back at the palace, Queen Elizabeth, old and dejected, carries on.

Good costumes, color and lighting help give the film a Rembrandt-like feeling, with dark backgrounds, rich hues, bright faces. Actor Todd is suitably racy as Sir Walter, and Dan O'Herlihy as his sidekick, Lord Derry, keeps pace. Britain's Joan Collins is easy on the eyes. In the regalia of her office, Actress Davis chugs about the palace like a twelve-cylinder Tudor, hand signals and all. She shaved some of her hair off for this role, but even so great a sacrifice was in vain. *The Virgin Queen* is strictly corn of the realm.

I Am a Camera (Remus: D.C.A.) focuses chiefly on the one-dimensional but fantastic adventures in Berlin of a thoroughly engaging British female named Sally Bowles. No item for the children, it



JULIE HARRIS

"Shall we go right to bed?"

is probably the gamiest as well as the wackiest picture of the year—a sort of surrealist, 100-proof binge, skilfully carried through by Julie Harris.

The year is 1931. Actress Harris, as Sally, is a café singer of doubtful merit, but nothing else about her merits any doubt. She is an amoral Junior Mistress with green fingernail polish, a nymph in sheet's clothing. She drinks Prairie Oysters (one raw egg, one dash Worcestershire sauce) for breakfast, stirs her gin with vast quantities of sentimentality.

Down and out, Sally meets young Christopher Isherwood, a struggling author. He offers to share his apartment with her. In gratitude, she asks: "Shall we have a drink first, or shall we go right to bed?" But Isherwood is too idealistic for that sort of thing, so the two decide to live but not to sleep together. From that point on, Sally drags the reluctant Isherwood along on a series of crazy escapades, notably with a rich American who happily pays the bills in return for shacking up with Sally. Her one serious moment arrives when she decides that she is pregnant, but she again becomes her old sylph on discovering that she was falsely alarmed.

Nothing in the film is so fast and furious as one cleverly directed scene in which Isherwood, groaning with a hangover, is carried off like a corpse to the American's apartment. In no time at all, the place is overrun with gay, gabbling souses, and everybody agrees that what poor old Isherwood needs is medical attention. In comes a huge, hulging masseur, who carries the puny and protesting patient to a table where he is nearly pulverized. Before long, two funeral hydrotherapists enter and fill the bathrubs—one with scalding water, the other with cold. Efficient and precise, they lug Isherwood first to one tub, then to the other, but his screams are scarcely heard above



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the loud glass clinks and boisterous chatter of the crowd. His last treatment is dealt out by a sinister, bearded ogre, who carries with him a kind of portable electric chair. As the party rages on, Isherwood's limp-wet body is strapped into the chair. The episode should go down in movie history as the most bizarre concoction since *Un Chien Andalou* (1929), when Surrealist Film Makers Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí threw an old mule's carcass across the tops of a couple of grand pianos and had the hero drag the whole phiasco across the floor during a love scene.

Julie Harris is as frothy and exciting as a fresh bottle of champagne. Tossing her hands, her eyes and her lines about with abandon, she gives one of the finest performances of her career. Britain's Laurence (*Romeo and Juliet*) Harvey is just right as the embattled Isherwood, and Shelley Winters and Anton Diffring capably carry along the subplot. Director Henry Cornelius (*Genevieve*) had to contend with bad sound recording, but his achievement far outweighs the minor irritations.

Brimful as it is with sex, *Camera* has not yet won a seal of approval from Hollywood's Production Code office ("unacceptable in its present form"), but the Distributors Corp. of America still maintained that it would release the picture in Manhattan this week with or without the seal.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Shrike. The story of a morally helpless husband (José Ferrer) and his predatory wife (June Allyson) is a brilliant movie translation of Joseph Kramm's Pulitzer-Prizewinning play (TIME, July 25).

Mr. Roberts. First-rate retelling of the long-run Broadway hit about life aboard a Navy supply ship; with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell, Jack Lemmon (TIME, July 18).

Summertime. Katharine Hepburn finds love and gentle heartbreak in Venice; with Rossano Brazzi (TIME, June 27).

The Seven Year Itch. Though the ads promise more fun than the picture delivers, Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy an engaging romp (TIME, June 13).

Hiroshima. A propaganda-heavy but harrowing Japanese-made film about the atomic destruction of a living city (TIME, May 23).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Marly. The love story of a "very good butcher"; home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man; well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

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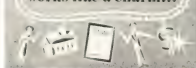
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MUSIC

From Every Mountainside

"Let's start a music festival!" is a cocktail-party phrase that carries some of the same heady excitement that "Let's start a magazine!" did a generation ago. In 1953, Jascha Rush'in, a violinist with Toscanini's NBC Symphony, whispered the words into the ear of Metropolitan Opera Baritone John Brownlee. In time, facts were added: 1) some three-quarter million people visit New York's Catskill Mountains every summer; 2) a Catskills civic association pledged to buy \$700,000 worth of tickets for a five-week festival; 3) the former NBC Symphony, now famed as the Symphony of the Air, had time on its hands.

That was enough for Brownlee. Last June he moved his family to Ellenville,

The Dangerous Delinquents

If music critics are remembered at all by posterity, it is usually for having been notably wrong in their judgments. A case in point: Eduard Hanslick (1825-1904), 19th century Europe's most renowned and most recalcitrant critic, who for 40 years mercilessly shredded Wagnerian operas, won painful immortality when Wagner wrote him into *Meistersinger* as the waspish Beckmesser. But perhaps the most remarkable music critic of all time, a man who later made his mark in wider literary fields, was George Bernard Shaw. A new selection from his weekly criticisms for London's *The Star* and *The World* (Shaw on Music: Doubleday Anchor Books; 95¢) proves that Critic Shaw did not have to be wrong to be memorable. Half a

word: it is passion; the passion for artistic perfection . . . The true critic, I repeat, is the man who becomes your personal enemy on the sole provocation of a bad performance." And he decided that the quick, headline-ducking judgments delivered by newspaper critics could be valid: "The only compositions which will bear thinking of for more than half an hour are those which require an intimate acquaintance for at least ten years for their critical mastery."

Critic Shaw followed a simple but infinitely cunning line: he discussed music not as an art but as a grave moral problem, studied musicians precisely as a social reformer studies dangerous delinquents. A bad performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* seemed every bit as wicked to Shaw as a real-life Don Juan seems to a headmistress. "I hate performers who debase great works of art," he summed up. "I long for their annihilation; if my criticisms were flaming thunderbolts, no prudent Life or Fire Insurance Company would entertain a proposal from any singer within my range . . ."

Shaw on Music is afire with annihilating invective. He comments, for instance, on the "surprising power of the average Italian chorister to destroy all stage illusion the moment he shambles on the scene with his blue jaws, his reach-me-down costume . . . his embarrassed eye on the prompter, and his general air of being in an opera chorus because he is fit for nothing better." Unnerving frankness is the keynote of most of the reviews' opening lines, e.g., "For some time past I have been carefully studying Dr. Hubert Parry's *Job*"; the closing lines are marked by a note of extreme sorrow: "He might have let Job alone . . . for, patient as we both are, there are limits to human endurance." Deadly insults march in disguise as compliments, as when Shaw wrote of Soprano Adelina Patti, after she had enjoyed 35 years of enormous popularity: "It is my firm belief that Patti is capable of becoming a great singer."

Battle Lines. Shaw's criticisms are, almost to a word, a joy to read, even when the personalities are beyond memory. One reason: musical battle lines were clearly drawn in Shaw's day. He could be simply for or against Wagner (he was for) and romantic Italian opera (against, at least until Verdi's later works); musical forms were firm, and a chord was a chord. It made things easier for him than for today's critic, who has precious little new music to discuss, less that is controversial.

But even that would hardly have bothered Shaw. If he could not find a controversial subject in the concert hall, he got one from outside. He took for granted that a music column was just the place for discussions of a Dickens novel, the French Revolution, the paintings of Tintoretto, Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, the salaries of bishops. "Musical criticisms," wrote he, "like sermons, are of low average quality simply because they are never discussed or contradicted." What 20th century music needs, among other things, is more sermons like Preacher Shaw's.



SYMPHONY OF THE AIR AT ELLENVILLE FESTIVAL
A whispered word, on an approaching tempest.

N.Y. (pop. 5,000), enlisted the aid of a hotel owner and a tenor-turned-businessman. By last week 110 acres had been converted into festival grounds containing a 4,000-seat amphitheater, a stage that could be adapted for concerts or theater-in-the-round, and floodlights etching the surrounding trees—hemlock, white pine, maple and cherry. The Empire State Music Festival was ready for business. The opening concert (Beethoven and Brahms) was conducted by Holland's standout Eduard van Beinum; the next night a U.S. conductor, Emerson Buckley, led a setless but fresh-sounding *La Bohème*. Planned later this season: Shakespeare's *Tempest*, with the rarely heard incidental music by Jean Sibelius. Wrote the New York Times' Howard Taubman: "The Berkshires have a major festival [at Tanglewood]. Now the Catskills. Every mountain range may stand benevolently over one in due time."

century later, his musical opinions on the whole stand up better than his political theories, while his style ought to put most contemporary critics to shame.

A Moral Problem. Shaw's mother took up singing to help her through a dull and disappointing marriage, and it was not very long before young Bernard admitted "knowing much more about music than any of the great composers." He talked his way into a critic's job with a promise not to "write about Bach in B minor . . . I purposely vulgarized musical criticism, which was then [1888] refined and academic to the point of being unreadable."

By the time he quit regular criticism for playwrighting, in 1894, Shaw had learned to "distinguish between what every [artist] can do and what only a very few can do." He learned that "a criticism written without personal feeling is not worth reading . . . When my critical mood is at its height, personal feeling is not the

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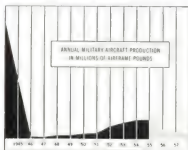
America's vital military aviation is beginning to benefit from just such long-range programs. If carried forward, without wasteful stops and starts, these programs of continuous research, development and production can maintain adequate, modern Air Power at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers. With such strength we may one day achieve lasting peace.



CONTINUING RESEARCH is the foundation on which aviation progress is based. Higher speeds and altitudes, greater payloads and ranges, all depend on more information, new materials or better methods discovered by research engineers. Here an engineer prepares to make airflow studies with a scale model of an experimental Hamilton Standard propeller hub and engine housing. With such advanced propellers future cargo transports will be even more efficient.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Tightening Up

From Washington last week, the Federal Government reached out a firm hand to tighten the reins on the U.S. economy. Authorized by the Federal Reserve Board and its chairman, William McChesney Martin Jr., the Federal Reserve System's districts across the U.S. started boosting the rediscount, i.e., interest, rate to banks who borrow money from the Federal Reserve. Within 48 hours, ten Federal Reserve Banks announced increases in their rates of 1% to a total of 2% on loans. In Cleveland, where autos, steel and machine tools are rolling along at record rates, the increase was a full 1%, up to 2½%. Private bankers quickly passed on the new rates. By week's end virtually every New York bank had increased its own interest rates for borrowers with top credit ratings from 3% to 3½%, the first rise since April 1953, and as high a rate as business has had to pay in 22 years.

The tightening up of bank credit was part of a continuing effort to temper 1955's optimism with economic horse sense. For several months, Eisenhower Administration economists had been carefully charting the accelerating business cycle. Their decisions: to ease off the accelerator and reach for the brakes. Like the earlier checks on housing loans and brokers' stock-market loans (TIME, Aug. 8), the braking was gentle. But it was a warning to expanding U.S. business.

No Breathing Spell. Ideally, as business reaches peak production and employment, there is a leveling off period. With labor in increasingly short supply, businessmen must bid higher for more workers to make more goods; marginal costs in-



ECONOMIST BURNS
On top.

crease: expansion becomes more difficult; prices tend to go up, thus gradually lessening demand. At first, the forecast was for such a breathing spell starting last month. But so far the boom shows little sign of slowing down.

In the auto industry, production and sales are pushing to new records. For the first six months, Chrysler reported earnings of \$70 million, the highest in its history; Ford and G.M. were also pushing ahead. Overall retail sales in June soared to a \$15.9 billion monthly rate, \$1 billion higher than last year. In July, for the third month in a row, construction posted a record with \$3.9 billion worth of new building. After the C.I.O.'s hefty wage increases, overall steel prices jumped 6.3%, a full 1% more than expected, with the chance of another 1% boost this fall when tin-plate manufacturers announce new prices. Consumer installment credit for June shot up to \$24.9 billion v. \$21.7 billion in 1954; new mortgage loans increased at the rate of \$1 billion monthly.

Gentle Braking. With peak production and annual personal income at a record \$301.1 billion in June, few economists are seriously worried about the overall health of the U.S. economy. But no one wants to take chances. Instead of waiting, and risking a sharp decline later, the FRB and the Administration economists would much rather apply the brakes now, and do it gently. For one thing, the Government remembers all too well the way businessmen ran for cover in 1953 when the Treasury, with its 3½% 30-year bonds, sharply contracted the money supply. For another, the move keeps the FRB squarely on top of the situation, in position either to ride along or give the reins another slight tug whenever needed.

The key economist in the U.S., Dr. Arthur Burns, chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, hopes by such means to keep the boom rolling smoothly within the speed limits. Last week Burns was braking the economy with a steady hand. Said he: "Except for local areas, we are in a position of full employment in a practical sense. At this stage of the business cycle, we try to make sure that we avoid excesses of credit expansion and speculative movements. This is essential if we are to expand and prolong the prosperity that our nation is now enjoying."

GOVERNMENT

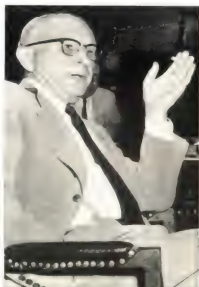
The Beginning of Dixon-Yates

After 14 months of confusion and controversy, Congress and the U.S. last week got a clear and sharp outline of the first steps that led to the Dixon-Yates power contract. Before Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver's special antitrust and monopoly subcommittee came Joseph Morrell Dodge, a tough-minded Detroit banker who served as President Eisenhower's first Budget Director, is now a special presidential assistant on foreign economic policy. Joe Dodge told the subcommittee who made the decision that led to Dixon-Yates: it was Joe Dodge.

Two Alternatives. In 1953, when he was working overtime to prune the budget, Banker Dodge found that the taxpayer's investment in the Tennessee Valley Authority was increasing at the rate of \$276 million a year, would reach nearly \$2 billion in 1954. Nevertheless, TVA was hard pressed to meet the priority needs of two atomic energy plants and keep pace with the mid-South population and in-



FRB'S MARTIN
In time.



BANKER DODGE
On overtime.

TIME CLOCK

dustrial growth. Instead of ignoring TVA's needs (as had been done in the 1953 budget), Dodge decided that he could either 1) request \$100 million in the 1955 budget for a new TVA steam plant, which Congress had already rejected twice, or 2) find ways to lighten TVA's load.

It seemed highly improbable in 1953 that Memphis, TVA's second biggest municipal customer, would withdraw from TVA and forfeit its substantial revenue from retailing TVA power. A more plausible solution would be for AEC, which was then gobbling up 25% of TVA's output, to buy power from a private utility (as it was already doing elsewhere). AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss agreed with Dodge that this was feasible. So did Electric Energy, Inc. President J. W. McAfee, whose Joppa, Ill. plant was built to supply AEC's installation at Paducah, Ky., and could have provided the additional 500-600,000 kw. needed by AEC. On the assumption that Electric Energy, Inc. would do the job, Dodge omitted the steam plant from his budget.

About the time the budget was submitted to Congress in January 1954, President McAfee decided against the plant expansion at Joppa. Instead, McAfee brought in Middle South Utilities, Inc. President Edgar H. Dixon (who was also Electric Energy, Inc.'s vice president), Dixon, with The Southern Co.'s Eugene A. Yates, eventually contracted with AEC to build a steam plant at West Memphis. Its 600,000 kw. were to be fed into TVA to replace the power drained off by the AEC, and thus would only indirectly have supplied the AEC plant at Paducah. Nonetheless, as crinkly-eyed Joe Dodge cracked: "When it comes out of the end of an electric power line, the source is not particularly noticeable."

"The Only Philosophy." Dodge, who took no part in the AEC-Dixon-Yates negotiations, and had no financial interest in the outcome, left the Budget Bureau seven months before the contract was signed. He told Kefauver's subcommittee that his decision on TVA power was not aimed to favor any philosophy or any utility. Said Joe Dodge: "The only philosophy I was interested in . . . was getting the budget down."

Parring questions from Kefauver, Dodge argued that his policy had benefited both TVA and the taxpayer. Kefauver conceded that if the original Electric Energy, Inc. contract had been signed, "you would never have heard one squeak out of any of us." But he insisted that the Dixon-Yates-AEC contract, as finally drawn, had gone "behind the back" of TVA.

When Witness Dodge left the stand, it was clear that, after all the furor, his aim of 1953 was now on its way toward realization. The city of Memphis' decision to build its own power plant, thereby making the Dixon-Yates plan unnecessary, will 1) ease the load on TVA, 2) save money in the federal budget.

U.S. RAILROADS will have one of their best years since World War II. First-half earnings for 126 Class I roads are up nearly 80%, totaling \$416 million v. \$232 million for the same period in 1954. Prime example: the Union Pacific Railroad, whose first-half net of \$35.5 million is the highest in history, some 16% higher than the previous record in 1953.

ROBERT R. YOUNG has agreed to a settlement of his legal battle with ten Allegheny Corp. stockholders, who charge that he used \$700,000 of Allegheny funds to pay for his successful New York Central proxy fight last year (TIME, June 21, 1954). In an out-of-court settlement, Young agreed to pay Allegheny the \$700,000, will also guarantee it against loss in Young's deal with Oilmen Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson to buy 600,000 shares of New York Central stock with Allegheny funds.

CANNED COKES are getting a try-out from Coca-Cola. After holding out steadily against the canned soft-drink boom (TIME, April 26, 1954), Coca-Cola is turning out 100,000 cartons (24 cans per carton) of Cokes for the Army and Air Force Exchange Service in the Far East, seems likely to try the idea on civilian markets if the test works well.

VOLKSWAGEN'S MILLIONTH rhinestone-studded and gold-painted for the occasion, rolled off the assembly line last week. Supplying more than 40% of the German market already, the biggest German automaker will boost production another 20%, to 1,500 cars daily, to meet a growing demand both at home and abroad. Target for 1955 in the U.S.: 25,000 Volkswagens v. 9,000 in 1954.

RUSSIAN AUTO INDUSTRY will be shaken up in an effort to equal Western standards. After years of putt-putting along with four out-of-date models—the Moskvich (like a 1939 German Opel), the Pobeda (like a 1939 Ford), the Zim (like a 1946 Buick) and the Zis (like a 1941 Packard)—the Reds admit that their post-

war designs "are in some respects inferior." A special Auto Ministry will be set up to boost production (1955 planned output: a bare 80,000 cars), cut prices, bring out a new people's car called the Volga, face-lift the others.

FRENCH SHIPYARDS are cashing in on lower labor costs to carve away a big slice of the international ship-building market. Foreign orders for 1955's first half alone have hit 250,000 tons, some 114,000 tons more than all of 1954. Among the 13 nations that have ordered tankers and freighters from France: the U.S. (four tankers for Tide Water Associated Oil Co.), Britain, Holland and Norway, all traditional maritime powers that normally build their own ships.

SURPLUS SALES ABROAD will be speeded up under a new farm program being pushed by the Department of Agriculture. Although farm exports in 1954 totaled \$3 billion (7% higher than in 1953), Secretary Ezra Taft Benson is studying the possibility of selling excess farm commodities to Russia and her satellites. Another idea: to sell a big chunk of the 185 million lbs. of butter surplus (down from 460 million lbs. last year) to foreign nations for industrial use in bakeries and candy factories.

KOHLER STRIKE, now dragging into its 16th month (TIME, April 18), still seemed at hopeless deadlock. After a week-long session, negotiations between the second biggest U.S. plumbing fixtures company and 2,800 C.I.O. United Automobile Workers at the company's Kohler, Wisc. plant have broken off completely on the issue of rehiring all strikers. Although the U.A.W. has spent \$5,500,000 on the strike thus far, it refuses to give an inch, is talking about invoking a "systematic national boycott" against Kohler, even though a suit has already been filed with the NLRB against twelve sympathetic unions for secondary boycotts against the company.

UTILITIES

Decision on the Snake

For seven years, private- and public-power advocates have been battling over rival plans to tame the Northwest's tortuous, turbulent Snake River, one of the last great U.S. valleys still unharnessed. In 1948 Secretary of the Interior Julius A. Krug proposed a high-level (602-ft.) federal dam with initial capacity of 800,000 kilowatts. Idaho Power Co. wanted to build three smaller, privately financed hydroelectric dams (initial capacity: 783,400 kw.) at Oxbow, Brownlee and Hell's Canyon sites, all of which would have been flooded by the Government project. Last week the Federal Power Commission broke the deadlock. The winner: Idaho Power's three-dam plan.

Practical Considerations. The five-man FPC, which has spent two years listening to the arguments, emphasized practical considerations behind its unanimous decision. The high, multipurpose federal dam would have provided more power and slightly more flood protection than Idaho Power's dams. (Neither project provides for irrigation, and differences in navigational and recreation benefits are negligible.) However, the huge public project would have cost far more: \$388 million, v. the \$76 million Idaho Power will spend. Concluded FPC: the costs of public power in relation to investment would "have no clear economic advantage over the three-dam plan."

Another factor influencing the FPC decision was that the federal project, even if approved, might have been stalled in

BUSINESS & CONGRESS

The Bark Was Worse Than the Bite

UNDER the Administration of President Dwight Eisenhower, business has had a more favorable atmosphere in Washington than at any time in the past 20 years. But on Capitol Hill, particularly after the U.S. elected a Democratic-controlled Congress last fall, there has been a barrage of anti-business talk. Now that the House and Senate have finished their work for this year, how did business and the businessman actually fare in the first session of the 84th Congress?

Within two days after the new Congress organized in January, Arkansas' Democratic Senator William Fulbright gave business its first big break. Chatting with a newsmen right after he became chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, Fulbright was asked if he would look into, among other things, the steep rise in the stock market. Why, yes, said Fulbright, "we ought to have a look." The headlines that followed his off-the-cuff answer caused Wall Streeters to brace themselves for something like the Pecora investigation of 1932-34.

Though Fulbright argued long and loud that his was to be "a friendly study," businessmen were not convinced. The stock market tumbled; in the first eight days of the Fulbright probe the Dow-Jones industrial average fell 28 points. Instead of easing up, Fulbright shifted his attack, e.g., he sharply questioned General Motors President Harlow Curtice about competition in the auto industry, suggested that G.M. could cut prices if it wanted to. His line of questioning soon drew a rebuke from Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart, who flatly accused Fulbright of having no intention "to investigate the stock market, but to harass . . . business." When Fulbright's committee brought out its report two months later, he conceded that he had found no major abuses on the stock exchanges.

More anti-business talk came from Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver, who not only fought a desperate battle to keep private power from building in federal-power areas, but accused the Justice Department of writing a "gigantic brief for non-enforcement of the anti-trust laws." Kefauver repeatedly railed against "conflict of interest," thus helped the Democratic campaign to require businessmen serving without compensation in the Government to list in the *Federal Register* the names of all corporations or partnerships in which they own shares. In the House, Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, chairman of the Ju-

diciary Committee, took the role of anti-business gadfly. He attacked the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council (a group of top industrialists and financiers), and tried to push through a bill to put bank mergers under the Antitrust Act. At hearings on his anti-bank merger bill, he charged that bank mergers threaten a "free and competitive economy," but his bill died in the Rules Committee.

But for all the anti-business talk, not much came of it. For the first time in years, Democrats made no attempt to grant gains to organized labor at the businessman's expense. Nor did Congress pass any law punitive to business. It roundly endorsed the Government's exit from the synthetic-rubber industry, but it dragged its feet on other Administration attempts to take the Government out of competition with private enterprise. To the dismay of many industrialists, e.g., Southern cotton manufacturers, it raised the minimum wage from 75¢ to \$1; to the relief of most employers it postponed a boost in Social Security benefits. It extended the 52½% corporate tax, but most businessmen were in sympathy with the purpose behind that extension: to cut federal deficit spending.

On a score of major issues, businessmen themselves differed. For example, chemical and textile manufacturers and other protectionists lobbied all-out to block renewal of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, but the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Committee for Economic Development and many individual businessmen (plus the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. as well) fought to get it passed, and won. Bankers and contractors wanted a highway bill, but the truckers wanted a pay-as-you-ride compromise plan killed because it would have raised their gas, diesel and tire taxes \$1 billion yearly. The small businessmen did all right: the Small Business Administration was extended for two years, and the Justice Department's recommendation (backed by big-city department stores and discount houses) to repeal Fair Trade laws was blocked.

When the record is added up, businessmen fared well in the first session of the 84th Congress. In the investigations, they were lightly tarred by a small group of Fair Dealers. But in legislation—where reason and fairness took hold—they were not hurt. In a year of unprecedented prosperity, when business was hiring more workers, paying more wages and producing more goods than ever before, the U.S. was in no mood to harass its businessmen.

definitely by congressional reluctance to grant the necessary funds. Bills calling for the Government dam were sidetracked in both Houses in the past session. On the other hand, Idaho Power, under FPC specifications, must have all of its dams built and generators running by 1964.

Kilowatts & Conversation. Supporters of the private project were elated by the FPC decision. Said Idaho's Republican Governor Robert E. Smylie, who, with the governors of Oregon and Washington, had vigorously opposed the federal dam: "We need more kilowatts on the line and less conversation. These decisions make



it possible for us to get on with the job of building the Northwest."

But the fight was far from ended. Advocates of public power accused the commission of holding up its decision until after Congress had adjourned. They also charged that Idaho Power rates are so high that they would deter new industry. Said Idaho's Democratic Congresswoman Gracie Pfoz: "There now can be no doubt that this Administration believes what is best for the power trust is best for the people." Growled Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse: "The Hell's Canyon decision will prove to be the Dixon-Yates deal of the Northwest."

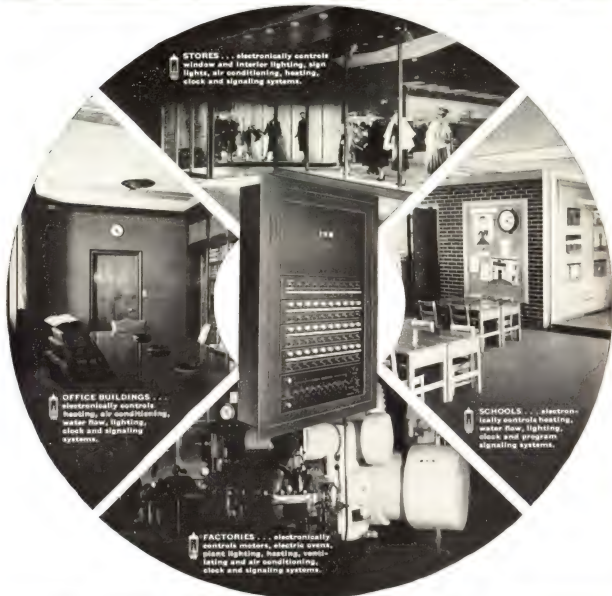
The public-power advocates are planning to demand a rehearing before the FPC, and will carry the fight into Congress and the courts.

HOTELS

Connie's Baby

All week long the immense, Y-shaped hotel building in Los Angeles rattled and rang while an army of workmen struggled with crisis piled upon crisis. The air conditioning refused to work; the special refrigerators in each room went on the blink; the rooftop water tank overflowed into the handsomely decorated L'Escoffier restaurant, soaking the deep-pile carpets. Rats invaded the basement and chewed on the beautiful hand-woven furniture designed for the presidential suite; one woman employee caught a toe in a mouse

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THE BEVERLY HILTON
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trap. But this week, finally, Conrad Hilton, the world's biggest hotelman, was ready to open his newest and plushiest hotel, the \$17 million, 450-room Beverly Hilton. Beamed Hilton: "This will be the biggest hotel opening in the history of the business."

Lions & Lodies. Conrad Hilton, who has flown plane-loads of celebrities as far as Istanbul for previous hotel-warmings, was not exaggerating. After two years of construction, Hotelman Hilton was sparing no pains and spending \$150,000 to throw the splashiest party of his career. For seven straight days, more than 150 guests from every sphere of the world's business and public life will live it up in royal style, all on the house. It is quite a house: suites will rent for as much as \$65 a night; each of the 450 rooms has air conditioning, TV, and imported marble baths. Outside the hotel is a 50-by-90-ft., palm-shaded swimming pool; inside, the hotel has a Bali Room restaurant and nightclub, where everything from walls to waiters is tricked out in Balinese decor; a Nordic Room studded with 250,000 pearl-like shells, a Versailles Room for private banquets, where a fountain can be made to spray champagne instead of water.

'Arf & 'Arf. Only in Los Angeles, with its oil and movie millions, says Connie Hilton, could he build a place like the Beverly Hilton. From start to finish, it has been his own special baby. To make sure that everything goes just right at the opening, Hilton even worked up a 58-page script, plotting every move, allocating every magnum of Besserat de Bellefon champagne, with all the pomp and precision of a Hollywood extravaganza. On buses from the airport, there will be guitarists and champagne; as the guests tour through the Red Lion Bar a replica of an 11th century English pub, more refreshments will be served. Says the script: "Please note that as the tour goes through the Red Lion, you are to

serve the guests from our Irish mugs 'arf and 'arf."

At the pre-opening "Victory Dinner," Host Hilton will wine and woo some 400 guests with a show by Comedians Jack Benny and George Gobel, spread out a feast costing Hilton \$30 per plate. But not everybody gets fed. Say the orders: "Musicians' supper: none to be served." Somewhat more generously, the script adds: "As the guests leave, each lady is to receive one box of Evyan perfume plus the large hatbox, which will also contain various perfumes. . . . Very strict control—only one of each per lady."

Orbs & Pink Elephants. At the appropriate moment, Connie Hilton will hoist his personal flag (a white orb, inscribed I.H.C., against a blue field) over the hotel, later give a grand-opening Champagne Ball with songs by Crooner Eddie Fisher. As the guests arrive, a Goodyear blimp will rain down 3,000,000 gold-painted paper "starbursts" on them and on the surrounding terrain. Says the script: "We are to have one special operator on duty during the following day to receive calls complaining about golden starbursts on surrounding property. . . . A sweeper will be dispatched." Finally, as the guests leave after six hours of festivities, they will be ushered out in a final burst of stardust: a parade of four elephants, each one painted pink and ridden by a model in a sequined bathing suit. Adds the script delicately: "Special sanitation men have been arranged for."

For Connie Hilton, the opening and operating of hotels in the grand manner has paid off with millions. For 1954 Hilton Hotels grossed a total \$121 million, and counted a net profit of \$4,954,853. This year, with the \$110 million Statler chain added to his holdings, he has boosted his business 64%, totted up a profit of \$2,885,361 for the first quarter on a gross of \$46 million. Around his empire of 28 hotels, he has some \$73 million worth of new buildings going up,

including two in Mexico, another in Cuba, two more in Cairo and Montreal, with still another pair planned for Rome and Berlin. Says Hilton: "We've even had inquiries from Yugoslavia. Maybe the Russians will ask us next."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Just Like McLaria

When Stockbroker Alfred H. Caspary died in Manhattan last January, he left a \$12 million estate and 50,000 scraps of time-stained paper it had taken most of his life to acquire. Caspary's scraps of paper, worth an estimated \$2,500,000, are the world's most valuable stamp collection in existence.² This week Britain's H. R. Harmer Ltd., the world's biggest stamp auctioneer, announced that its U.S. office has been awarded the job of selling the collection at auction over the next three years.

Stamps v. Stinks. To Harmer, which has sold and resold more than \$42 million worth of stamps, the Caspary auction will be the biggest in a series of philatelic firsts that began 61 years ago. The family-owned company was founded by Henry Revell Harmer, who collected stamps as a schoolboy, decided after taking his first job in a chemical plant that he "could do better with stamps than with stinks."

Harmer roamed the world in search of rarities, opened his first stamp auction in London in 1918. Harmer sold \$6,000 worth of stamps his first season, trebled his business in the next ten years. Among Harmer customers: King George V (who

✶ The finest known collection of 19th century classics, it will probably bring the third highest price ever paid for a stamp collection. At current prices, the most valuable collection ever was that of Italian Count Philippe von Ferrari, which was auctioned after World War I for \$1.6 million, about one-third of estimated present value if intact



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LEHMAN BROTHERS

August 3, 1955

sometimes squeezed the family budget to add to his priceless Commonwealth collection), King Carol II of Rumania, Alfonso XIII of Spain, and Egypt's King Fouad (whose stamps were sold by Harmer after Farouk's abdication). In 1954-55, its biggest year yet, Harmer's British, U.S. and Australian offices sold nearly \$2,000,000 worth of stamps.

Penny Black & Pigeongrams. Now a white-haired, vigorous 85, Henry Harmer still sits in on important transactions such as the Caspary auctions. Son Cyril runs the Bond Street office, while Bernard Harmer, the youngest son, is in charge of the busy Manhattan office. The Harmers, father and sons, collect stamps only for pleasure. Henry Harmer specializes in forgeries. Cyril has a collection of "pigeongrams," letters entrusted to commercial pigeon service by 19th century settlers on New Zealand's Great Barrier Island. Bernard collects Victorian "postal stationery," i.e., envelopes printed with grotesque designs and slogans in praise of temperance, penny postage and peace. Says Henry Harmer: "The great charm about stamp collecting is that you can collect what you like, and you can't lose money."

The classic proof of Harmer's philo-sophy is the Penny Black. Britain's first postage stamp, which was accidentally postmarked four days ahead of its release date. The one stamp, sold by Harmer's in 1929 for \$140, was resold in 1951 for a record of \$672, an increase of 57.435% over its face value.

The Scarcer the Better. What makes a stamp valuable? "The older they get," says Henry Harmer, "the scarcer they get, and the greater the value." Also, unlike most valuables, rare stamps cannot be successfully forged or price-rigged. Stamp lovers are the world's biggest collecting fraternity; with more than 150,000 different kinds of stamps to choose from, most are philatelists for fun, and for life. "Stamp collecting," says Bernard Harmer, "is like malaria. Once you've had it, you never get it out of your system."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Robert Ten Broeck Stevens, 56, who disposed of his interest in J. P. Stevens & Co. before he took office as Secretary of the Army, was re-elected its president two weeks after leaving the Pentagon. He replaces Joseph H. Sutherland, who was moved up to the newly created post of vice chairman. Yaleman Stevens came into the family textile business as a salesman, became president by the time he was 30, built the company into the nation's No. 2 textile manufacturer, earned a reputation as an intelligent, progressive businessman. As a Cabinet officer, he became familiar to U.S. television audiences as the decent but bumbling target of Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy. Bob Stevens lost less by Government service than some businessmen in Government: he can buy J. P. Stevens stock at about \$7 a share less than it sold for 2½ years ago.

TIME, AUGUST 15, 1955

¶ Daniel T. O'Shea, 51, onetime movie-mogul turned CBS vice president, was picked by RKO Radio Pictures' new owners (TIME, Aug. 1) to be president, succeeding Howard Hughes' longtime friend James Grainger. Born in Manhattan, Dan O'Shea set out to be a doctor, switched to Law (Harvard, '30). With the help of New Dealer Tommy Corcoran, O'Shea got his first job with RKO, where he made such a hit with RKO Production Chief David O. Selznick that he was called to Hollywood as resident counsel. There, O'Shea not only made his mark as a legal brain but even helped hire actors, e.g., Vivien Leigh for Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*. In 1950 he went over to CBS and back to New York to handle CBS's real-estate program. Now ex-Medical Student O'Shea hopes to breathe new life into Hollywood's sickest studio.

¶ Herbert A. Kent, 68, only living Ameri-

can for whom a cigarette is named, was out as board chairman of P. Lorillard Co. (Old Gold, Embassy, Kent). An upstate New Yorker (Auburn), Kent started selling Lorillard's cut plug and snuff in a horse and buggy, moved up Lorillard's ranks from retail salesman to sales manager to advertising head. He became president in 1942, launched such slogans as Old Gold's "For a treat instead of a treatment." After seven years under his hand, Lorillard hired a management consultant to find out what was wrong with the company, was advised to find a new president. After ex-Adman Robert Ganger joined the company, Lorillard sales spurred 51% in four years, but Ganger left in 1953, and Kent (still upstairs as board chairman) moved back in as chief executive officer. The next year Lorillard's sales slumped by almost 10%. Kent still expects to continue in an "advisory capacity."

MILESTONES

Married. Shirley Ann Grau, 26, New Orleans writer of short stories (*The Black Prince*) acclaimed for their insight into the lives of Southerners, Negro and white; and James Kern Feibleman, 51, chairman of the department of philosophy at Tulane University's College of Arts and Sciences, she for the first time, he for the second; in New York City.

Marriage Revealed. Sherree North (real name: Shirley Bethel), 22, torso-twirling actress of stage (*Hazel Flagg*) and screen (*How to Be Very, Very Popular*), onetime crotch dancer; and Budd (John) Freeman, 38, saxophonist-turned-music publisher; she for the second time, he for the first; on Feb. 20, in Quartzsite, Ariz.

Died. Suzan Ball, 21, TV and cinemactress (*Chief Crazy Horse*); of a recurrence of the cancer that caused the amputation of her right leg in 1954; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Died. Robert Charles Francis, 25, cinemactor (lovelorn Ensign Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny*); in the crash of a one-engine Beechcraft Bonanza he was learning to fly; in Burbank, Calif.

Died. Carmen Miranda, 41, Portuguese-born, Brazilian-bred stage and screen songstress, famed for her shivering hips, bare-midriffed dances and fruit-company headgear; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Died. Michael J. McDermott, 61, a State Department press spokesman (1924-53) under eight Secretaries of State, from Frank B. Kellogg to John Foster Dulles, Ambassador to El Salvador (1953-55); of a heart ailment; in Washington.

Died. Wallace Stevens, 75, much-honored American poet (1955 Pulitzer Prize, two-time winner of the National

Book Awards), vice president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.; of cancer; in Hartford, Conn. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. William John Cameron, 76, long-time spokesman (1918-46) for the late Henry Ford, onetime editor (1920-28) of Ford's Dearborn *Independent*, assistant pastor of the Oakland Lakeside Unity Temple since 1946; of a heart attack; in Oakland, Calif. Trained for the ministry, Cameron held a Presbyterian pastorate in Brooklyn, Mich. at 19. He expounded Ford's conservative opinions to millions of radio listeners on the *Ford Hour* (1934-42), took responsibility in a million-dollar libel suit brought against Ford in 1927 by a Jewish businessman for anti-Semitic articles, for which Ford, as part of an out-of-court settlement, had to make public apology. Fifteen years later, Cameron recanted in a radio speech: "Anti-Semitism is the negation of humanity, intelligence and Christianity."

Died. Crown Prince Rupprecht Maria Luitpold Ferdinand, 86, Pretender to the Bavarian throne, Field Marshal of the Kaiser's Sixth Army in World War I, descendant of the British House of Stuart; of a heart ailment; at Leustetten Castle, Germany. Prince Rupprecht never formally renounced his claim to the throne of the House of Wittelsbach, rulers of Bavaria for 738 years, until the founding of the German republic after World War I. Annual public celebrations of his birthday, banned by Hitler, were resumed by Bavarians in 1953; last year's, marking his 86th, lasted a rousing ten days.

Died. Lorinda Ferguson Bailey, 109, Iowa farm woman who left 341 descendants (six living children, 41 grandchildren, 135 great-grandchildren, 138 great-great-grandchildren, 21 great-great-great-grandchildren); in Marion, Iowa.

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BOOKS

Novels by the Hundred

DESTINATIONS (320 pp.) — Georges Simenon—Doubleday [\$3.95].

What is a simenon? Most literate Europeans can give the answer, but a lot of U.S. readers would hate to have it thrown at them as the \$64,000 question. A simenon is a novel written by Belgian-born Georges Simenon. No one knows how many simenons there are, least of all Author Simenon himself, but the total cannot be far from 400, and the man who is responsible for them all cannot even remember how he ended his first book, written at 16.

In the U.S., Simenon is best known as the creator of pipe-smoking Inspector



Ralph Morrissey—Black Star

NOVELIST SIMENON

Under grey flannel, a hair shirt.

Maigret, the kindly, plodding and vaguely troubled French detective. But the keenest Simenon fans have long since stopped thinking of him as a mere mystery writer or even as a literary psychologist. To them he is a real novelist with a special view of life that is instantly conjured up in their minds by the simple mention of his name.

Hard & Half-Hard. The last two simenons to reach the U.S. are published together in a single volume called *Destinations*. One of them, *The Burial of Monsieur Bouvet*, is a mixture of detection, mood and Paris atmosphere that gets under way when an elderly gentleman drops dead at a Paris bookstall. Since the author is more interested in the frayed lives and barely concealed despairs of his characters than in the mystery, he calls it a "half-hard," i.e., half-serious novel. Actually, in spite of some nice evocative writing about Paris and Paris types, it is only half there.

The other story, *The Hitchhiker*, is a "hard" novel, serious all the way. From it the U.S. reader can tell pretty definitely, and at one sitting, whether or not he wants to add the word simenon to his vocabulary. The scene is New York and New England, and Hero Steve Hogan has the same basic trouble as most Simenon heroes: life and the world have beaten him down into a confused, resentful wretch in whom something has to give. He has a pretty wife who works and of whom he is a little jealous, two kids away at camp in Maine, a dreary Madison Avenue job, a small house in the suburbs loaded down with mortgage. Weak on the inside and plodding on the outside, Steve has been hitting the bottle. Afraid that his wife is low-rating him, he blurts: "There wouldn't be anything the matter with me if you didn't treat me like a worm . . . I'd like to get a little outside everyday life!"

All this sounds like the stuff of any one of a hundred novels at the local lending library. But Simenon does not see Steve just as a man in a grey flannel suit. Rather, he is the unwilling wearer of a hair shirt imposed on him by a world he never made and is too weak to remake. Soon enough Steve gets a little outside ordinary life. On an auto trip to Maine with Nancy to pick up their children at camp, he gets drunk and Nancy leaves him to go on by bus. When Steve picks up a hunted criminal, he sees in him only the man who had the guts to lash back at life. In an ending that mixes brutality with insights, Steve gets his trolley back on the tracks, but not before Simenon has made ordinary lives seem to be at the mercy of extraordinary tensions. True Simenon fans will probably regret the hopeful last page, but even in life shock treatments sometimes work.

In 100 Years. Like all simenons, these novels were written at incredible speed and sometimes show it. Simenon's working method is simple. He writes a chapter a day for ten or eleven days, and then he has a novel. He has written one in as little as 25 hours, gets edgy if it takes as long as two weeks. He seldom has a plot or a story in mind when he starts, but his thinking keeps up with the machine-gun speed of his typewriter once he begins. Disparagingly he has said: "I write fast because I do not have the brains to write slow." But he does believe there is no reason why fast writing has to be bad writing. Now 52, he has left the U.S., where he lived for ten years, to return to France. A rich man, he hopes to live to be a hundred and to go on producing until the end.

A serious critic has declared: "In a hundred years' time Simenon will probably be called one of the most far-sighted writers of our age." Simenon, however, lives and writes according to the advice he once handed to his sons: "Live joyously and be very careful not to take yourselves too seriously."

Australian with a Hoe

THE TREE OF MAN (499 pp.)—Patrick White—Viking [\$4.50].

Pioneer epics dote on heroes who can tame the land but not themselves. In *The Tree of Man*, the primitive Australian back country tames, tempers and sorely tries a Job-like settler. Stan Parker is the kind of harassed hero O'Neill and Dreiser used to delight in—the simple, inarticulate man groping his way towards the meaning of life while fate trips him up with distressing regularity. And like O'Neill and Dreiser, Australian-born Author White (*Happy Valley*, *The Aunt's Story*) more often drags than carries the reader with him through Stan's long and woeful saga.

Stan is a handsome stripling and Amy Victoria Fibbens a skinny teen-ager when



Basil Green

NOVELIST WHITE

In the bush, a tongue-tied Lear.

they get married at the turn of the century in the rickety church at Yuruga, a town where "a person could be dead an only flies would cotton on." Stan takes his bride to a shack deep in untracked wilderness, where the awesome stillness has not been violated since the last glacier crunched to a halt. Stan feels the giant trees, pries grudging boulders out of the earth, builds up his own herd of cattle. The hard, lonely life agrees with Amy. She fills out into a husky, milkmaidly beauty. After the day's chores are done, neither Amy nor Stan have much time for romantic frills, but they love each other with an honest animal urgency.

With a Meat Cleaver. Neighbors come and stain the good earth with their quirks and vices. The drunken O'Dowd chases his chattering wife with a meat cleaver. The idiot boy Bub Quigley frightens and revolts Amy with his drooling and twig-chewing. In a sudden funk over the death of a cow, Amy herself races crazily through



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the bush one night and has a miscarriage. Against the fledgling civilization and piddling defenses of the pioneering settlers, Nature mounts her devastating counter-offensives. Droughts, fires and floods rage across the land. Stan knows what he is struggling against, but wonders at times what he is struggling for, and if there is a God, and if He cares—and hopes to find the answers in the son and daughter that his wife bears him.

His son Ray proves to be a mean little stinker who kills puppy dogs, and his daughter Thelma a snobbish, touch-me-not icicle who is ashamed of her father and mother and their back-country ways. Ray grows up to be a spiv and live with a prostitute. Thelma grows up to marry an aging lawyer and develop arty airs at musicales. Stan's bitter cup is not full, however, until Amy, in a climactic crisis, commits adultery with a red-haired

Man with a Brass Neck

DANGER MY ALLY [278 pp.]—F. A. Mitchell-Hedges—Little, Brown [\$3.75].

The Maya Kekchi Indians furtively examined the big, bearded explorer in his Bedford-cord riding breeches and decided that here was the man to revitalize their dying tribe. They led to his jungle hut the fairest of their maidens, eyes down-cast and breasts bare, and delivered a proposition from their chief: the girl was his, but if there were no sons, the explorer must give his breeches to the chief. "To refuse point blank would have insulted the whole tribe," explains doughty British Explorer "Mike" Hedges. "On the other hand, I obviously could not accept." What to do in this social dilemma?

Mike turned to Lady "Mabs" Richmond Brown, a venturesome British aristocrat



EXPLORER MITCHELL-HEDGES & PROSPECTIVE BRIDE
A gentleman could neither refuse nor accept.

traveling salesman. A tongue-tied Lear, Stan buries his sorrow in a drunken, big-city binge, winds up lying among empty crates in a side-street lot and spits at the "paper sky, quite flat, and white, and Godless."

With Marked Cards. Stan goes back to Amy, and they measure out their old age in rocking chairs and the stale tea of memory. Author White's notion that destiny plays with marked cards is scarcely fresh, but Stan and even Amy play the losing game with stubborn dignity, unlike their children. Author White is overfond of the eye-stopping metaphor ("She was brushed in sad gusts by the branches of the music"), but at his best, he makes long-suffering Stan at least as poignant as Markham's *Man with the Hoe*. Stan's mute wisdom is in knowing that endurance is all. Author White's literary unwisdom is in worrying this theme for so long that his novel itself becomes a kind of endurance test.

who had accompanied him to the Central American wilderness. Lady Mabs. Mike told the headman of the tribe, was already his bride, so that he could not "by the laws of my gods" oblige the Indians. The emissaries regretfully took the maiden away, and the intrepid explorer kept his sense of propriety as well as his pants.

Wall Street to Villa. Explorer F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, now 72, zestfully recalls a good bookful of such tall tales for gin-and-tonic reading. "Life without adventure is a state of being half dead," is Mike Hedges' philosophy, and in 1900 he turned from "staid old lady" London to seek fortunes in Wall Street and buried ruins in Honduras. Armed with a letter of introduction to Financier Jules Bache, Mike made tens of thousands on the Street and soon got close enough to the imperial J. P. Morgan to be able to inquire at a dinner party: "Railroad deal, Mr. Morgan? What's all this about?" Mike gleefully

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BORED WALK?

Not when you headquarter here. Whether you sit or saunter, your every minute has interest in it.



CHALFONTE HADDON

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Lewis & Lippincott Co. for 55 years
Write for illustrated folder

fully quotes a Morgan man on Adventurer Mike Hedges: "Goddamit, I never saw a youngster with such a brass neck."

Moving on to Mexico, Mike Hedges fell afoul of Guerrilla Leader Pancho Villa, and—as he tells it—narrowly escaped execution as an American spy. To prove his English nationality, he flashed Villa an orthodox Guardsman's salute and sang *God Save the King*—whereupon Villa delightedly conscripted Mike for ten months' service as a guerrilla leader. But Mike was soon heading south again for gleaming Panama Bay and the 20-ton yacht *Cura*. He spent years prowling the jungles and deep-sea fishing grounds with his like-minded ally, Lady Mabs, who made a hit as a healer by dosing the tribesmen with Epsom salts ("Most primitive tribes suffer from constipation").

Lost City to Crocodiles. By his account, Hedges' biggest moment as an explorer came when he led an expedition to find the Lost City of Lubaantun, built around seven acres of Mayan monuments buried in the Honduran jungle. Mike characteristically uncovered the city by setting a spectacular forest fire: "We watched the rolling sea of flame . . . A small hill would be seen covered with a tangled mass of branches, vines and small trees. Next moment it was gone and in its place was revealed a smoldering incandescent pyramid . . . walls, terraces and mounds . . . The fallen city showed indistinctly through a veil of bluish smoke."

It was fun in the jungle that Mike Hedges was after, and he had 15 readable years of it. One jungle night Mike saw the secret mating dance of the Kruta Indians, their tom-toms booming, conch-shell horns shrieking, snakeskin-clad with doctors tossing naked girls into the arms of naked boys, all screaming and swaying together in the light of brushwood fires till they dropped. "I do not remember feeling so exhausted since the night we shot the crocodiles in the Patuca River," Mike Hedges sighs. Then for breathless readers Mike tirelessly rattles on, and that's "a story which is worth recalling . . ."

Wait Till Next Year

A DAY IN THE BLEACHERS (153 pp.)—Arnold Hano—Crowell (\$3).

Arnold Hano, 33, is an unhappy author who suffers from an unpleasant and probably incurable social disease: he is a Giant fan. Most of the time he succeeds in keeping his secret to himself, but on those rare occasions when the Giants win a pennant, Hano suffers from unmistakable symptoms. He comes down with World Series fever. Years of frustration curdle his spleen; choleric misanthropy consumes him. The cure is drastic: he must spend an afternoon in the Polo Grounds bleachers snarling his defiance at the civilized world—pleading with a succession of Giant pitchers to skull a batter and "stick it in his ear," begging every Giant base runner to spike an infielder and "chop his legs off."

So it was on Sept. 29, 1954, Hano began



GIANT FAN HANO
Probably incurable.

the day by snapping at his wife. He spent the early morning standing in line waiting to buy a ticket to the bleachers. By 10 a.m. he was comfortably situated on a hard bench, killing time by reading his program, kibitzing on a nearby casino game, and swapping insults with out-of-town visitors. When the Giants and the Cleveland Indians took the field to open the World Series, Hano was heated up and ready.

Remembering that warm and wonderful afternoon, Hano still seethes with the unmitigated arrogance of all pilgrims who have climbed the sacred heights of Coogan's Bluff. To hear him tell it, only Giant fans really understand big-league baseball. "A Yankee fan is a complacent, ignorant fat cat. [He has] been fed on victory and on great full stars such as Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle, and even these men they do not appreciate . . . Dodger fans are a surly lot, riddled by secret fears and inferiority complexes . . . Thus, they take their secret shame with them wherever they go, and to compensate they become rude, overhearing and superlatively-addicted . . . In other cities the fandom is notoriously ignorant, unfair or surly—sometimes all three. Only in the Polo Grounds do you get a solid mass of intelligent, polite, yet loyal, spectators."

Clearly, Fiction Writer (*Big Out*) Hano suffers from the astigmatism of his trade: his picture is purposely a little out of focus. But sitting with Hano at that game (Giants 5, Indians 2), and rummaging through his baseball memories with him, is fine fun. Still, the reader wonders what has happened to Arnold Hano since the Giants won that series—and fell back on this season's evil days. As a loser, the Giant fan is probably more exasperating than he ever was as an arrogant winner. Maybe on summer mornings now, he manages a sheepish smile for his wife. Wait till next year!

AUGUST 12, 1955

26 MILLION MAGAZINES LATER

IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT...

A YEAR AGO this day, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's staff was happily relaxed. With Paul O'Neil's brilliant reporting of the now-famous Vancouver Mile as its lead story, the first issue of the new magazine had gone to press.

We had already spent a full year preparing for that first issue, studying and researching and watching sports from every angle. Many of us had been in the sports reporting business a long time. We had seen a lot of records broken, rookies made into stars, games won and lost. We had followed the hunting trails and scouted the fishing grounds. Even so, after an experimental year of taking a new long look at sports, we were wide-eyed at all there was still to see. We came up from our record books and trial runs and called it "the wonderful world of sport."

Maybe we were naïve. But the truth was we had just discovered an important part of life.

Now we've had our first publishing year with sports, four full seasons. A lot of things happened: five milers broke the four-minute barrier; the Davis Cup came home from Australia; the Dodgers ran up the longest string of opening-season wins in major league history; an unknown pro from Iowa defeated mighty Ben Hogan in the Open; for the second time in 81 years, a California-bred horse won the Kentucky Derby; the world's highest mountains were falling like tenpins.

It was a golden year to launch America's first national sports weekly.

The goals we set for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

These were the goals we set for ourselves at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's beginning:

to cover all sports; to turn to the world of sports the talents of the best writers and the best photographers; to find in every sport not only the enduring essentials of human achievement, but the exuberance, color, and quiet pleasure of sports; above all, to be authoritative.

In this year that has now passed, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has covered some 95 sports. Among them—golf, written to the satisfaction of **BOBBY JONES**, who told us so . . . boxing, to the satisfaction of **JACK DEMPSEY**; he told us so . . . track and field, to the satisfaction of **ROGER BANNISTER**; he let us know . . . baseball, to the satisfaction of the father

(continued on next page)



26 MILLION MAGAZINES LATER

(continued from previous page)



William Faulkner (left) was covering the Kentucky Derby for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** (SI, May 16) when the news reached him that he had won the year's Pulitzer Prize.

Staff Writer Coles Phinley reclines on the collapsed free balloon in which he has just plummeted from 4,200 feet. (SI, Nov. 22)



Associate Editor Paul O'Neill stays close to his subject as Eszard Charles meets the press.

of the modern game, **BRANCH RICKEY**; he sent us a letter saying so.

PAUL GALLICO (who had written "Farewell to Sport") said hello to sports again and for us has written as of old on fencing, fishing and cricket. Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winner **WILLIAM FAULKNER** has covered hockey and the Kentucky Derby. **JOHN P. MARQUAND**, another Pulitzer Prize winner, began his series on country clubs early this summer.

BUDD SCHULBERG, winner of an Academy Award for "On the Waterfront," writes regularly of boxing (and in part tribute to his **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** articles was given Notre Dame's 1955 Bengal Bouts Award as "the man who had done most for boxing in the past year"). Still another Pulitzer Prize writer, **JOHN STEINBECK**, has written about fishing. **HERBERT WARREN WIND**, called by those who know the most sensitive and literate golf writer the game has ever had, is **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** golf authority.

Staff photographers **HY PESKIN** (who has won more prizes for sports photography than any other cameraman in the country), **MARK KAUFFMAN** (winner of the White House News Photographers Association spot news award last year), and **RICHARD MEEK** (whose color picture of jockey silks has already become a sports classic) have added to their reputation as three of the finest in the business.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's very first story, **PAUL O'NEIL's** account of the Vancouver Mile, was selected for the famous annual, *Best Sports Stories 1955*; and **GERALD HOLLAND's** long-range survey of sports, "The Golden Age Is Now," was made required reading by Ohio State University for its physical education students.

SI has devised solid journalistic inventions and innovations such as Conversation Piece, Spectacle, Preview, Yesterday, Scouting Report, Pat on the Back and You Should Know to sharpen the week's news. Taken altogether, they provide a new vantage point from which to view the whole thrilling sports panorama.

And finally, for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, sports experts have become writers—and contributed the authority of the years they have devoted to their fields—for example, **HERMAN HICKMAN** and **OTTO GRAHAM** on football; **EDDIE ARCARO** on racing; **BILLY TALBERT** and **SARAH PALFREY** on tennis; **TENZING**, **CHARLES EVANS**, and **DR. CHARLES HOUSTON** on mountain climbing; **PAUL RICHARDS**, **RED SMITH**, **FRANK FRISCH** on baseball...

How "The Wonderful World of Sport" looks to one reader

How much our readers think of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is evident in the department known as The 19th Hole, certainly the liveliest letters-to-the-editor section in any magazine.

It has been a true test of the way **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has tapped not one, but many appeals to people whose hearts lie in sports, for one or for many reasons. They tell

us it seems incredible that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED hasn't already been around as long as sports themselves, and we don't mind confessing that their letters have given us some of the happiest moments of the year.

Out of all the words our readers have written to and about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, probably none have said so well what this magazine has meant to the sports world as these from a gentleman in Alabama:

"Although we are original subscribers to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, at our house, I have resisted writing down my thoughts about the magazine, or should I say one aspect of it, until now . . .

"Your phrase, 'The Wonderful World of Sport,' is to me the finest possible description of your magazine. It catches the eye, it conveys so many things, and it can be interpreted in so many ways that I can no longer resist telling you what it means to me.

"I recall—when I was 11, I believe it was—that my Dad got me and my older brother out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning. We put on four pairs of socks, heavy underwear, at least two shirts, a couple of sweaters, and coveralls, plus a stocking cap. We poured scalding hot water on the manifold and cranked up the old Ford for a 12-mile ride to a little slough where we knew the mallards would be feeding.

"The wonderful world of sport means getting up before daylight in the little town I lived in, and hurrying down to the tennis courts, and sitting on the court until daylight to be sure we'd have a court to play on.

"It means a basket in the backyard where all the neighborhood kids came before and after school and all day Saturday and Sunday. It means a box of magazines in the basement where we could shoot the rifle. It means football—first touch, then tackle, and then touch again. It means pole-vaulting with a broken javelin shaft when I weighed 60 pounds. It means sports idols, band music, cheering crowds, walking miles to play . . .

"Some people would say people my age are over the hill, even though we still compete in golf, tennis, bowling, fishing, hunting. But a true sportsman is never over the hill if he really believes in what you so rightfully call 'The Wonderful World of Sport.' It is truly just that—a wonderful world of sport."

As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED goes into its second year, we couldn't agree more. Perhaps we're just one year less naive, but we're surer than ever that it's indeed a wonderful world.

Sidney L. James

Managing Editor



Photographer Richard Meek uses ladder to get a few feet closer for a shot of pole vaulting form at the IC-4A meet.

Photographer Hy Peskin (left) wades an icy stream with camera and two friends while covering an Alaskan Bear Hunt. (SI, May 23)



SI Reporter Virginia Kraft with Generalissimo Franco and aides when she covered his montería, a boar and deer hunt in the grand manner. (SI, May 2)



Associate Editor Al Wright (left) digs out a dugout story from the Yankees' voluble manager, Casey Stengel. (SI, March 14)



SI Reporter Robert H. Boyle (center) takes notes from a front seat during hearings on "boxing's dirty business."

MISCELLANY

The High Heart. In Ferrara, Italy, Carlo Bonuzzi, 30, flew over the town in a small plane, showered it with multicolor leaflets which read: "Dear Friends and Citizens: By sending you greetings from this plane, I wish to demonstrate that even if I have been abandoned by my wife, I do not worry about it and keep on being amused."

The Children's Hour. In Chidlow, Australia, Police Constable Don Laurance, lecturing schoolchildren on the dangers of handling explosives left from World War II, was so persuasive that they revealed their private cache of two 25-lb. shells, several grenades, detonators, and 50 rounds of small-arms ammunition.

Exhibit A. In San Pedro, Calif., Carl Krueger, 58, was acquitted of charges of shoplifting and eating a chewy candy bar after he bared his five teeth to the jury, revealed that no two of them met.

Hint. In Sydney, Australia, Landlord Hermanus Visser was fined \$225 after a special court heard that in an effort to evict his tenants he had changed the lock of their flat, put their furniture out on the lawn, taken out the living-room windows, disconnected the water, gas and electricity, demolished the chimney.

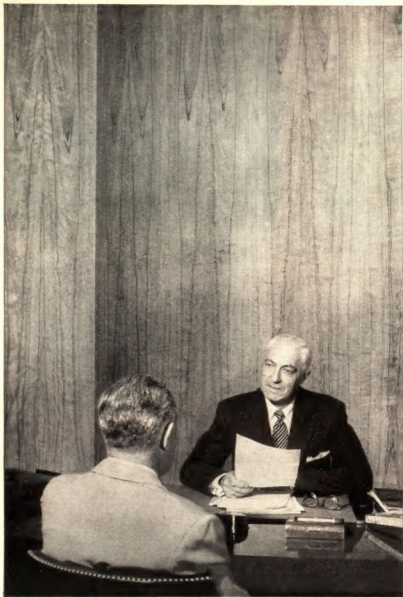
Kamikaze. In Kobe, Japan, Taxi Driver Terumitsu Sano became suspicious of the jittery antics of Passenger Akimitsu Tatesu, deposited him at a police station, learned that he had planned to blow himself up in the cab with 20 sticks of dynamite.

Hot Corner. In Auckland, New Zealand, the City Council altered its road boundaries when the Town Planning Staff pointed out that one officially proclaimed road ran into a zoo, through the lion's cage, the hyena's cage, the baboon's cage.

Civil Servant. In Salt Lake City, after he called police and asked them to remove a dog that had been run over near his home, M. S. McRae was referred to the city dog catcher, was unable to reach him, indignantly called the mayor, was amazed to see Mayor Earl J. Glade arrive in his Cadillac, step out, gingerly lift the animal into his trunk compartment and drive off in the direction of the dog pound.

Mixed Emotions. In Philadelphia, lawyers probating Bartender Victor Ehrmann's will found that he had left \$1,000 to Margaret Cole, characterized as "My best friend and cause of my ulcers."

Home Guard. In Detroit, caught robbing a woman's purse during a sermon at the Star of Hope Church, 200-lb. Matthew Williams had to be taken to a hospital, treated for cuts and bruises after he was floored by several ladies in the congregation, sat upon until the arrival of the police.



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